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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI NO 26
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LI, NO 15

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THE WITCH'S HEAD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XII.
DEEPER YET.

While Ernest was wooing and Eva doubting, time, whose interest in earthly affairs is that of the sickle in the growing crop, went on his way as usual.

The end of August came, as it has come so many thousand times since this globe gave its first turn in space, as it will come for many thousand times more, till at last, its appointed course run out, the world darkens, quivers and grows still; and, behold, Ernest was still wooing, Eva still doubting.

One evening—it was a very beautiful evening—this pair were walking together on the seashore. Whether they met by appointment or by accident does not matter; they did meet, and there they were, strolling along together, as fully charged with intense feeling as a thunder cloud with electricity, and almost as quiet. The storm had not yet burst.

To listen to the talk of these two, they might have met for the first time yesterday. It was chiefly about the weather.

Presently, in the course of their wanderings, they came to a little sailing boat drawn up upon the beach—not far up, however, just out of the reach of the waves. By this boat, in an attitude of intense contemplation, there stood an ancient mariner. His hands were in his pockets, his pipe was in his mouth, his eyes were fixed upon the deep. Apparently he did not notice their approach till they were within two yards of him. Then he turned, "dashed" himself and asked the lady, with a pull of his grizzled forelock, if she would not take a sail.

Ernest looked surprised.

"How's the wind?" he asked.

"Straight off shore, sir; will turn with the turn of the tide, sir, and bring you back."

"Will you come for a bit of a sail, Eva?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I must be getting home; it is 7 o'clock."

"There's no hurry for you to get home. Your aunt and Florence have gone to tea with the Smythes."

"Indeed, I cannot come; I could not think of such a thing."

Her words were unequivocal, but the ancient mariner put a strange interpretation upon them. First, he hauled up the little sail, and then, placing his brown hands against the stern of the boat, he rested his weight upon them, and caused her to travel far enough into the waves to float her bow."

"Now, miss."

"I am not coming, indeed."

"Now, miss."

"I will not come, Ernest."

"Come," said Ernest, quietly holding out his hand to help her in.

She took it and got in. Ernest and the mariner gave a strong shove, and as the light boat took the water the former leaped in, and at the same second a puff of wind caught the sail and took them ten yards out or more.

"Why, the sailor is left behind!" said Eva.

Ernest gave a twist to the tiller to get the boat's head straight off shore, and then leisurely looked round. The mariner was standing as they had found him, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes fixed upon the deep.

"He doesn't seem to mind it," he said, meditatively.

"Yes, but I do; you must go back and fetch him."

Thus appealed to, Ernest went through some violent maneuvers with the tiller, without producing any marked effect on the course of the boat, which by this time had got out of the shelter of the cliff and was bowling along merrily.

"Wait till we get clear from the draught of the cliff, and I will bring her round."

But when at last they were clear from the draught of the cliff, and he slowly got her head round, lo and behold, the mariner had vanished!

"How unfortunate!" said Ernest, getting her head toward the open sea again; "he has probably gone to his tea."

Eva tried hard to get angry, but somehow she could not, she only succeeded in laughing.

"If I thought that you had done this on purpose, I would never come out with you again."

Ernest looked horrified. "On purpose!" he said, and the subject dropped.

They were sitting side by side in the stern sheets of the boat, and the sun was just dipping, all red hot, into the ocean. Under the lee of the cliff there were cool shadows, before them was a path of glory that led to a golden gate. The air was very sweet, and for those two all the world was lovely; there was no sorrow on the earth, there were no storms upon the sea.

Eva took off her hat and let the sweet breeze play upon her brow. Then she leaned over the side, and dipping her hand into the cool water watched the little track it made.

"Eva."

"Yes, Ernest."

"Do you know I am going away?"

The hand was withdrawn with a start.

"Going away! when!"

"The day after to-morrow, to France."

"And when are you coming back again?"

"I think that depends on you, Eva."

The hand went back into the water. They were a mile or more from the shore now, Ernest manipulated the sail and tiller so as to sail slowly parallel with the coast line. Then he spoke again.

"Eva."

No answer.

"Eva, for God's sake, look at me!"

There was something in his voice that forced her to obey. She took her hand out of the water and turned her eyes on his face. It was pale, and the lips were quivering.

"I love you," he said, in a low, choked voice.

She grew angry. "Why did you bring me here? I will go home. This is nonsense; you are nothing but a boy!"

There are moments in life when the human face is capable of conveying a more intense and vivid impression than any words, when it seems to speak to the very soul in a language of its own. And so it was with Ernest now; he made no answer to her reproaches, but if that were possible, his features grew paler yet, and his eyes, shining like stars, fixed themselves upon her and drew her to him. And what they said she and he knew alone, nor could any words convey it, for the tongue in which they talked is not spoken in this world.

A moment still she wavered, fighting against the sweet mastery of his will with all her woman's strength, and then—O heaven! it was done, and his arms were round about her, her head upon his breast, and her voice was lost in sobs and broken words of love.

Oh, radiant winged hour of more than mortal joy, the hearts where thou hast lit will know when their time comes that they have not heat quite in vain!

And so they sat, those two, quite silent, for there seemed to be no need for speech; words could not convey half they had to say, and, indeed, to tell the honest truth, their lips were for the most part otherwise employed.

Meanwhile the sun went down, and the golden moon arose over the quiet sea and turned their little ship to silver. Eva gently disengaged herself from his arms, and half rose to look at it; she had never thought it half so beautiful before. Ernest looked at it, too. It is a way that lovers have.

"Do you know the lines?" he said; "I think I can say them:

"With a swifter motion,
Out upon the ocean,
Heaven above and round us, and you alone with me;
Heaven around and o'er us,
The Infinite before us,
Floating on forever, upon the flowing sea."

"Go on," she said, softly.

"What time is it, dear, now?
We are in the year now
Of the new creation, one million, two or three,
But where are we now, love?
We are, as I trow, love,
In the heaven of heavens, upon the crystal sea."

"That is how I hope it may be with us, dear," she said, taking his hand as the last words passed his lips.

"Are you happy now?" he asked her.

"Yes, Ernest, I am happy indeed. I do not think that I shall ever be so happy again; certainly I never was so happy before. Do you know, dear, I wish to tell you so, that you may see how mean I have been; I have fought so hard against my love for you."

He looked pained. "Why?" he asked.

"I will tell you quite truly, Ernest—because you are so young. I was ashamed to fall in love with a boy, and yet, you see, dear, you have been too strong for me."

"Why, there is no difference in our ages."

"Ah, Ernest, but I am a woman, and ever so much older than you. We age so much quicker, you know. I feel about old enough to be your mother," she said, with a pretty assumption of dignity.

"And I feel quite old enough to be your lover," he replied, impertinently.

"So it seems. But, Ernest, if three months ago anybody had told me that I should be in love to-day with a boy of 21, I would not have believed them. Dear, I have given you all my heart; you will not betray it, will you? You know very young men are apt to change their minds."

He flushed a little as he answered, feeling that it was tiresome to have the unlucky fact that he was only 21 so persistently thrust before him.

"Then they are young men who have not had the honor of winning your affections. A man who had once loved you could never forget you. Indeed, it is more likely that you will forget me; you will have plenty of temptation to do so."

She saw that she had vexed him. "Don't be angry, dear; but you see the position is a very difficult one, and, if I could not be quite sure of you, it would be intolerable."

"My darling, you may be as sure of me as woman can be of man; but don't begin your doubts over again. They are settled now. Let us be quite happy just this one evening. No doubt there are plenty coming when we shall not be able to."

And so they kissed each other and sailed on, homeward, alas! for it was getting late, and were perfectly happy.

Presently they drew near the shore, and there, at the identical spot where they had left him, stood the ancient mariner. His hands were in his pockets, his pipe was in his mouth, his eyes were fixed upon the deep.

Ernest grounded the little boat skillfully enough, and jumping over the bow he and the mariner pulled it up. Then Eva got out, and as she did so she thought in the moonlight she noticed something resembling a twinkle in the latter's ancient eye. She felt confused—there is nothing so confusing as a guilty conscience—and to cover her confusion plunged into conversation—while Ernest was finding some money to pay for the boat.

"Do you often let boats?" she asked.

"No, miss, only to Mr. Ernest in a general way"—so that wicked Ernest had set a trap to catch her.

"Oh, then, I suppose you go out fishing?"

"No, miss, only for rikkration, like."

"Then what do you do?" she was getting curious on the point.

"Times I does nothing; times I stands on the beach and sees things; times I runs cheeses, miss."

"Run cheeses!"

"Yes, miss, Dutch ones."

"He means that he brings cargoes of Dutch cheeses to Harwich."

"Oh!" said Eva.

Ernest paid the man, and they turned to go. She had not got many yards when she felt a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder. Turning round in astonishment, she perceived the mariner.

"I say, miss," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"Well, what?"

"Never you eat the rind of a Dutch cheese. I says it as knows."

Eva never forgot his advice.

CHAPTER XIII.
MR. CARDUS UNFOLDS HIS PLANS.

"Ernest," said Mr. Cardus, on the morning following the events described in the previous chapter, "I want to speak to you in my office—and you, too, Jeremy."

They both followed him into his room, wondering what was up. He sat down, and so did they, and then, as was his habit, letting his eyes stray over every part of their persons except their faces, he began:

"It is time that you two fellows took to doing something for yourselves. You must not learn to be idle men, not that most young men require much teaching in that way. What do you propose to do?"

Jeremy and Ernest stared at one another rather blankly, but apparently Mr. Cardus did not expect an answer; at any rate, he went on before either of them could frame one.

"You don't seem to know, never gave the matter any consideration probably; quite content to obey the Bible literally, and take no thought for the morrow. Well, it is lucky that you have somebody to think for you. Now I will tell what I propose for you both. I want you, Ernest, to go to the bar. It is a foolish profession for most young men to take to, but it will not be so in your case, because, as it happens, if you show yourself capable, I shall by degrees be able to put a good deal of business in your hands—chancery business—for I have little to do with any other. I dare say you will wonder where the business is to come from. I don't seem to do very much here, do I? with a mad old hunting man as a clerk, and Dorothy to copy my private letters; but I do, for all that. I may as well tell you both in confidence that this place is only the head center of my business. I have another office in London, another at Ipswich, and another at Norwich, though they all carry on business under different names; besides which I have other agencies of a different nature. But all this is neither here nor there. I have communicated with Aster, the great chancery man, and he will have a vacancy in his chambers next term. Let me see—term begins on Nov. 2; I propose, Ernest, to write to-day to enter you at the Lincoln's inn. I shall make you an allowance of three hundred a year, which you must clearly understand you must not exceed. I think that is all I have to say about the matter."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, uncle," began Ernest, fervently, for since the previous evening he had clearly realized that it was necessary for him to make a beginning of doing something.

But his uncle cut him short.

"All right, Ernest, we will understand all that. Now, Jeremy, for you. I propose that you shall be articled to me, and if you work well and prove useful it is my intention in time to admit you to a share of the business. In order that you may not feel entirely dependent it is my further intention to make you an allowance also, on the amount of which I have not yet settled."

Jeremy groaned in spirit at the thought of becoming a lawyer, even with a "share of the business," but he remembered his conversation with Dorothy and thanked Mr. Cardus with the best grace that he could muster.

"All right, then; I will have the articles prepared at once, and you can take to your stool in the office next week. I think that is all I have to say."

Acting on this hint, the pair were departing, Jeremy in the deepest state of depression, induced by the near prospect of that stool, when Mr. Cardus called Ernest back.

"I want to speak to you about something else," he said, thoughtfully. "Shut the door."

Ernest turned cold down his back, and wondered if his uncle could have heard anything about Eva. He had the full intention of speaking to him about the matter, but it would be awkward to be boarded himself before he had made up his mind what to say. He shut the door, and then, walking to the glass entrance to the orchid blooming house, stood looking at the flowers and waiting for Mr. Cardus to begin. But he did not begin; he seemed to be lost in thought.

"Well, uncle?" he said at last.

"It is a delicate business, Ernest, but I may as well get it over. I am going to make a request of you, a request to which I beg you will give me no immediate answer, for from its nature it will require the most anxious and careful consideration. I want you to listen, and say nothing. You can give me your answer when you come back from abroad. At the same time, I must tell you that it is a matter that I trust you will not disappoint me in; indeed, I do not think that you could be so cruel as to do so. I must also tell you that if you do, you must prepare to be a great loser, financially speaking."

"I have not the faintest idea what you are driving at, uncle," said Ernest, turning from the glass door to speak.

"I know you have not. I will tell you. Listen; I will tell you a little story. Many years ago a great misfortune overtook me, a misfortune so great that it struck me as lightning sometimes does a tree; it left the bark sound, but turned the heart to ashes. Never mind what the details were, they were nothing out of the common; such things sometimes happen to men and women. The blow was so severe that it almost turned my brain, so from that day I gave myself to revenge. It sounds melodramatic, but there was nothing of the sort about it. I had been cruelly wronged and I determined that those who had wronged me should taste some of their own medicine. With the exception of one man they have done so. He has escaped me for a time, but he is doomed. To pass on. The woman who caused the trouble—for wherever there is trouble, there is generally a woman who causes it—had children. Those children are Dorothy and her brother. I adopted them. As time went on I grew to love the girl for her likeness to her mother. The boy I never loved; to this hour I cannot like him, though he is a gentleman, which his father never was. I can, however, honestly say that I have done my duty by him. I have told you all this in order that you may understand the request which I am going to make. I trust to you never to speak of it, and, if you can, to forget it. And now for the request itself."

Ernest looked up wonderingly.

"It is my most earnest desire that you should marry Dorothy."

His listener started violently, turned quite pale, and opened his lips to speak. Mr. Cardus lifted his hand and went on:

"Remember what I asked you. Pray say nothing; only listen. Of course I cannot force you into this or any other marriage. I can only beg you to give heed to my wishes, knowing that they will in every way prove to your advantage. That girl has a heart of gold; and if you marry her you shall inherit nearly all my fortune, which is now very large. I have observed that you have lately been about a great deal with Eva Ceswick. She is a handsome woman, and very likely she has taken some hold upon your fancy. I warn you that any entanglement in that direction would be most disagreeable to me, and would to a great extent destroy your prospects so far as I am concerned."

Again Ernest was about to speak, and again his uncle stopped him.

"I want no confidences, Ernest, and had much rather that no words passed between us that we might afterward regret. And now I understand that you are going abroad with your friend Batty for a couple of months. When you return you shall give me your answer about Dorothy. In the meanwhile here is a check for your expenses; what is over you can spend as you like. Perhaps you have some bills to pay."

He gave him a folded check, and then went on:

"Now leave me, as I am busy."

Ernest walked out of the room in a perfect maze. In the yard he mechanically unfolded the check. It was for a large sum—£250. He put it in his pocket and began to reflect upon his position, which was about as painful as a position can well be. Truly he was on the horns of a dilemma; probably before he was much older one of them would have pierced him. For a moment he was about to return to his uncle and tell him all the truth, but on reflection he could not see what was to be gained by such a course. At any rate, it seemed to him that he must first consult Eva, whom he had arranged to meet on the beach at 3 o'clock; there was nobody else whom he could consult, for he was shy of talking about Eva to Jeremy or Dolly.

The rest of that morning went very ill for Ernest, but 3 o'clock came at last and found him at the trysting place.

About a mile on the further side of Kesterwick, that is, two miles or so from Titheburg Abbey, the cliff juts out into the sea in a way that corresponded very curiously with the little promontory known as Dum's Ness, the reason of its resistance to the action of the waves being that it was at this spot composed of an up crop of rock of a more durable nature than the sandstone and pebbles of the remainder of the line of cliff. Just at the point of this promontory the waves had worn a hollow in the rock that was locally dignified by the name of the cave. For two hours or more at high tide this hollow was under water, and it was, therefore, impossible to pass the headland except by boat; but during the rest of the day it formed a convenient grotto or trysting place, the more so as anybody sitting in it was quite invisible either from the beach, the cliff above, or, indeed, unless the boat was quite close in shore, the sea in front.

Here it was that Ernest had arranged to meet Eva, and on turning the rocky corner of the cave he found her sitting on a mass of fallen rock waiting for him. At the sight of her beautiful form he forgot all his troubles, and when rising to greet him, blushing like dawn, she lifted her pure face for him to kiss, there was not a happier lad in England. Then she made room for him beside her—the rock was just wide enough for two—and he placed his arm round her waist, and for a minute or two she laid her head upon his shoulder, and they were very happy.

"You are early," he said at last.

"Yes; I wanted to get away from Florence and have a good think. You have no idea how unpleasant she is; she seems to know everything. For instance, she knew that we went out sailing together last evening, for this morning at breakfast she said in the most cheerful way that she hoped that I enjoyed my moonlight sail last night."

"The deuce she did! and what did you say?"

"I said that I enjoyed it very much, and luckily my aunt did not take any notice."

"Why did you not say at once that we were engaged? We are engaged, you know."

"Yes—that is, I suppose so."

"Suppose so! There is no supposition about it. At least, if we are not engaged, what are we?"

"Well, you see, Ernest, it sounds so absurd to say that one is engaged to a boy! I love you, Ernest, love you dearly, but how can I say that I am engaged to you?"

Ernest rose in great wrath. "I tell you what it is, Eva, if I am not good enough to acknowledge, I am not good enough to have anything to do with. A boy, indeed! I am one-and-twenty; that is full age. Confound it all, you are always talking about my being so young, just as though I could not get old fast enough. Can't you wait for me a year or two?" he asked, with tears of mortification in his eyes.

"O Ernest, Ernest, do be reasonable, there's a dear; what is the good of getting angry and making me wretched? Come and sit down here, dear, and tell me, am I not worth a little patience? There is not the slightest possibility, so far as I can see, of our getting married at present; so the question is, if it is of any use to trumpet an engagement that will only make us the object of a great deal of gossip, and which, perhaps, your uncle would not like."

"Oh, by Jove!" he said, "that reminds me," and sitting down beside her again he told her the story of the interview with his uncle. She listened in silence.

"This is all very bad," she said when he had finished.

"Yes, it is bad enough; but what is to be done?"

"There is nothing to be done at present."

"Shall I make a clean breast of it to him?"

"No, no, not now; it will only make matters worse. We must wait, dear. You must go abroad for a couple of months, as you had arranged, and then when you come back we must see what can be arranged."

"But, my dearest, I cannot bear to leave you; it makes my heart ache to think of it."

"Dear, I know that it is hard; but it must be done. You could not stop here now very well without speaking about our—our engagement, and to do that would only be to bring your uncle's anger on you. No, you had better go away, Ernest, and meanwhile I will try to get into Mr. Cardus' good graces, and if I fail then, when you come back, we must agree upon some plan. Perhaps by that time you will take your uncle's view of the matter and want to marry Dorothy. She would make you a better wife than I shall, Ernest, my dear."

"Eva, how can you say such things—it is not kind of you."

"Oh, why not? It is true. Oh, yes, I know that I am better looking, and that is what you men always think of, but she has more brains, more fixity of mind, and, perhaps, for all I know, more heart than I have, though, for the matter of that, I feel as if I was all heart just now. Really, Ernest, you had better transfer you allegiance. Give me up, and forget me, dear; it will save you much trouble. I know that there is trouble coming; it is in the air. Better marry Dorothy, and leave me to fight my sorrow out alone. I will release you, Ernest," and she began to cry at the bare idea.

"I shall wait to give you up until you have given me up," said Ernest, when he had found means to stop her tears; "and, as for forgetting you, I can never do that. Please, dear, don't talk so any more; it pains me."

"Very well, Ernest; then let us vow eternal fidelity instead; but, my dear, I know that I shall bring you trouble."

"It is the price that men have always paid for the smiles of women like you," he answered. "Trouble may come—so be it, let it come; at any rate, I have the consciousness of your love. When I have lost that, then and then only shall I think that I have bought you too dear."

In the course of his after life these words often came back to Ernest's mind.

CHAPTER XIV.
GOOD BY.

There are some scenes, trivial enough very likely in themselves, that yet retain a peculiar power of standing out in sharp relief, as we cast our mind's eye down the long vista of our past. The group of events with which these particular scenes were connected may have long ago vanished from our mental sight, or faded into a dim and misty uniformity, and be as difficult to distinguish one from the other as the trees of a forest viewed from a height. But here and there an event, a sensation, or a face will stand out as perfectly clear as if it had been that moment experienced, felt or seen. Perhaps it is only some scene of our childhood, such as a fish darting beneath a rustic bridge, and the ripple which its motion left upon the water. We have seen many larger fish dart in many fine rivers since then, and have forgotten them, but somehow that one little fish has kept awake in the storehouse of our brain, where most things sleep, though none are really obliterated.

It was in this clear and brilliant fashion that every little detail of the scene was indelibly photographed on Ernest's mind when, on the morning following their meeting in the cave, he said good by to Eva before they went abroad. It was a public good by, for, as it happened, there was no opportunity for the lovers to meet alone. They were all gathered in the little drawing room at the Cottage; Miss Ceswick seated on a straight back chair in the bay window; Ernest on one side of the round table, looking intensely uncomfortable; Eva on the other, a scrap book in her hand, which she studiously kept before her face; and in the background, leaning carelessly over the back of a chair in such a way that her own face could not be seen, though she could survey everybody else's, was Florence. Ernest, from where he sat, could just make out the outline of her olive face and the quick glance of her brown eyes.

And so they sat for a long time; but what was said he could not remember, it was only the scene that imprinted itself upon his memory.

And then at last the fatal moment came—he knew that it was time to go, and said good by to Miss Ceswick, who made some remark about his good fortune in going to France and Italy, and warned him to be careful not to lose his heart to a foreign girl. Then he crossed the room and shook hands with Florence, who smiled coolly in his face, and read him through with her piercing eyes; and last of all came to Eva, who dropped her album and a pocket handkerchief in her confusion as she rose to give him her hand. He stooped and picked them up—the album he placed on the table, the little lace edged handkerchief he crumpled up in the palm of his left hand and kept; it was almost the only souvenir he had of her. Then he took her hand, and for a moment looked into her face. It wore a smile, but beneath it the features were wan and troubled. It was so hard to go.

"Well, Ernest," said Miss Ceswick, "you two are taking leave of each other as solemnly as though you were never going to meet again."

"Perhaps they never will," said Florence, in her clear voice; and at that moment Ernest felt as though he hated her.

"You should not croak, Florence; it is unlucky," said Miss Ceswick.

Florence smiled.

Then Ernest dropped the cold hand, and turning, left the room. Florence followed him, and snatching a hat from the pegs, passed into the garden before him. When he was half way down the garden walk he found her ostensibly picking some carnations.

"I want to speak to you for a minute, Ernest," she said; "turn this way with me," and she led him past the bay window, down a small shrubbery walk about twenty paces long. "I must offer you my congratulations," she went on. "I hope that you two will be happy. Such a handsome pair ought to be happy, you know."

"Why, Florence, who told you?"

"Told me! nobody told me. I have seen it all along. Let me see, you first took a fancy to one another on the night of the Smythes' dance, when she gave you a rose, and the next day you saved her life quite in the romantic and orthodox way. Well, and then events took their natural course, till one evening you went out sailing together in a boat. Shall I go on?"

"I don't think it is necessary, Florence. I am sure I don't know how you know all these things."

She had stopped, and was standing slowly picking a carnation to pieces leaf by leaf.

"Don't you?" she answered with a laugh. "Lovers are blind; but it does not follow that other people are. I have been thinking, Ernest, that it is very fortunate that I found out my little mistake before you discovered yours. Supposing I really had cared for you, the position would have been awkward now, would it not?"

Ernest was forced to admit that it would.

"But luckily, you see, I do not. I am only your true friend now, Ernest; and it is as a friend that I wish to say a word to you about Eva—a word of warning."

"Go on."

"You love Eva, and Eva loves you, Ernest, but remember this, she is weak as water. She always was so from a child; those beautiful women often are; nature does not give them everything, you see."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, nothing more. She is very weak and you must not be surprised if she throw you over."

"Good heavens, Florence! why, she loves me with all her heart!"

"Yes, but women often think of other things besides their hearts. But there, I don't want to frighten you, only I would not quite pin all my faith to Eva's constancy, however dearly you may think she loves you. Don't look so distressed, Ernest; I did not wish to pain you. And remember that, if any difficulty should arise between Eva and you, you will always have me on your side. You will always think of me as your true friend, won't you, Ernest?" and she held out her hand.

He took it. "Indeed I will," he said.

They had turned now, and again reached the bay window, one of the divisions of which stood open. Florence touched his arm and pointed into the room. He looked in through the open window. Miss Ceswick had gone, but Eva was still at her old place by the table. Her head was down upon the table, resting on the album he had picked up, and he could see from the motion of her shoulders that she was sobbing bitterly. Presently she lifted her face—it was all stained with tears—only, however, to drop it again. Ernest made a motion as though he would enter the house, but Florence stopped him.

"Best leave her alone," she whispered; and then when they were well past the window, added aloud: "I am sorry that you saw her like that; if you should never meet again, or be separated for a very long time, it will leave a painful recollection in your mind. Well, good by. I hope you will enjoy yourself."

Ernest shook hands in silence—there was a lump in his throat that prevented him from speaking—and then went on his way feeling utterly miserable. As for Florence, she put up her hand to shade her keen eyes from the sun, and watched him until he turned the corner with a look of intense love and longing which slowly changed into one of bitter hate. When he was out of sight she turned, and making her way to her bedroom flung herself upon the bed, and burying her face in the pillow to stifle the sound of her sobbing, gave way to an outburst of jealous rage that was almost awful in its intensity.

Ernest had only just time to go back to Dum's Ness and go through the form of eating some luncheon before he was obliged to start to catch his train. Dorothy had packed his things and made all those little preparations for his journey that women think of, so, after going to the office to bid good by to his uncle, who shook him heartily by the hand and bade him not forget the subject of their conversation, he had nothing to do but jump into the cart and start. In the sitting room he found Dorothy waiting for him with his coat and gloves; also, Jeremy, who was going to drive to the station with him. He put on his coat in silence; they were all quite silent; indeed, he might have been going for a long sojourn in a deadly climate instead of a two months' pleasure tour, so depressed was everybody.

"Good by, Doll, dear, he said, stooping to kiss her, but she shrunk away from him. In another minute he was gone.

At the station a word or two about Eva passed between Jeremy and himself.

"Well, Ernest," asked the former nervously, "have you pulled it off?"

"With her!"

"Of course; who else?"

"Yes, I have. But, Jeremy"——

"Well?"

"I don't want you to say anything about it to anybody at present."

"Very good."

"I say, old fellow," Ernest went on, after a pause, "I hope you don't mind very much."

"If I said I did not mind, Ernest," he answered slowly, turning his honest eyes full on to his friend's face, "I should be telling a lie. But I do say this. As I could not win her myself, I am glad that you have, because next to her I think I love you better than anybody in the world. You always had the luck, and I wish you joy. Here's the train."

Ernest wrung his hand. "Thank you, old chap," he said; "you are a downright good

The Columbian.

G. E. Elwell, J. K. Bittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

Benjamin F. Butler is said to be very indignant at the proposition to return the flags captured from the rebels. He is no doubt fearful that if that sort of thing is once started, some one may suggest to him the propriety of returning those spoons.

General Grant returned General Lee's sword to him when the latter surrendered at Appomatox, and yet the republican party twice made him President. If Fairchild and Foraker had only thought of it in time, they would have prevented his election by "palsying" the hand that returned to a rebel chieftain his surrendered arms.

Governor Beaver has made a bad start. He has vetoed the store-order law, cut off appropriations to many very deserving charitable intitutions intended for the benefit of the working people, and has declined to call an extra session of the legislature to pass a revenue bill that was lost through the fraud or mistake of his own partisans, which bill if it had become a law, would have compelled corporations to pay into the state treasury thousands of dollars of taxes.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27th, 1887.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee was celebrated to some extent, even in this the Capitol of the greatest of Republics; President Cleveland sent a congratulatory cablegram, Mr. West, the British Minister gave a great dinner, to which many distinguished guests sat down, and a "Victoria Memorial Room" was dedicated at the Garfield Hospital, with appropriate ceremonies, by the Society of St. George. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen" being sung in honor of the Queen's Jubilee.

Speaking of the Queen, reminds me of the return of our own lovely, youthful, yet crownless queen, Mrs. Cleveland who, for a time, holds undispated sway in the hearts of the American people, simply as the people's own daughter, who has become the first "Lady of the Land." From her improved appearance, and bright cheerful manner and conversation far more so than usual—it seems Mrs. Cleveland has immensely enjoyed the brief respite from the duties imposed on her at the White House. In fact she takes the public into her confidence, and informs them of the plans of the President and herself for the remainder of the summer. She says that she will probably be able to visit some Michigan friends when the President goes to St. Louis, after which they will both extend the trip to Kansas City, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Grand Rapids and perhaps other Western Cities.

The printers of Washington are exercised because the Commissioners, acting under the law which authorizes them to let it it the lowest bidder, have given the District printing contract to a Philadelphia firm. The Printer's Union have taken up the matter and there is a prospect of much indignation, as it will take $10,000 out of the hands of Printers here, and throw a number of them out of employment; at least 50 per cent was saved on the contract.

A special officer of the Pension Bureau arrested in Ga., the other day several persons, who in collusion with an old blind soldier, swindled the Government out of $13,000 in pension money. Such frauds are always vain, because the Government invarisbly overhauls the offenders and inflicts punishmant commensurate with the enormity of the crime. It is better to swindle one's own neighbors than your vigilant and relentless Uncle Sam, who never forgives nor forgets offenses.

In the third story of the Patent Office, the model cases have been removed to the Southern corridor, to make space for twelve new rooms, which are now being erected, to relieve the crowded rooms in other portions of the building. Of all the Government Departments, perhaps the different Bureaus of the Interior Department show the largest, healthiest, and most constant growth. It is one of the most important and extensive of the Departments, really more so than any other, if we except the Treasury.

The belief that Secretary Lamar will be appointed to the Supreme Court vacancy early next fall is firmly impressed on the public mind and the Secretary's successor is being discussed. Assistant Secretary Muldrow and Commissioner of Pensions Black, among the number.

To give you an idea of the strict discipline of the Washington police, I will mention that one of the force has been dismissed from office for plucking a magnolia blossom from the Capitol grounds. This looks hard, but it is just for these guardians of the city have no right, in the smallest particular, to betray the trust reposed in them.

Within the past week so many prominent Democratic Statesmen have arrived in this city that there are those who think an important conference on party policy is pending and that it will be followed by good results, all of which I hope is really true.

The fact that Secretary Fairchild ordered by telegraph the prepayment of the July interest on bonds, amounting to about $9,000,000, caused some alarm in financial circles, when considered with reference to recent monetary disasters in New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, but the Secretary explains his action by saying that it was not due to any apprenension about the financial situation; the interest being due July 1st, and the checks made out, the Department was put to no inconvenience and the effect, he believed, would be reassuring.

Watches Taxable This Year.

The tax on watches, pleasure carriages and furniture is, after all, to be collected this year. The legislature at the recent session repealed the law which imposed this tax and the attorney general a short time ago gave an opinion that it was not collecable this year, although assessed. The state board of revenue commissioners which consists of the state treasurer, auditor general and secretary of the commonwealth, has just decided that the repeal law is still operative, and that the new act will not go into effect until next year. If their position is tenable it is said the state will receive about $120,000 this year, which it was supposed would be kept in the pockets of the taxpayers. The decision is the result of a question propounded by the board of revision of Philadelphia.

Berks County Crookedness.

For some time past allegations have been made charging the commissioners and treasurer of Berks county with official dishonesty, and the matter was recently brought before the grand jury. The following dispatch from Reading, dated June 28 gives the present situation:

The people of Berks county and the State will be surprised to-morrow morning to learn that the bottom has about dropped out of the grand jury investigation which has been in progress here the past few days. Unless positive evidence showing criminality on the part of the County-Commissioners and Treasurer is adduced to-morrow the jury will prepare a report merely severely censuring these officials for their loose conduct of the financial affairs of the county. Thus far the only testimony of weight against the commissioners is to the effect that John T. Wagner, one of the board, did a portion of the contract work on the Berneville bridge. As yet the grand jury has reached no conclusion in this case.

Contractor William Call, accompanied by an engineer from Kendall Bros.' office, went to Berneville this afternoon to measure the bridge and estimate its cost at fair figures. Mr. Call testified to-day that the stonework on the bridge could be done for $2,800. The commissioners are said to have paid $8,000.

Regarding the charge that County Treasurer Holtzman received a commission from the Keystone National Bank for the deposit of county funds with that institution, Cashier Hall was called and denied the truth of the statement under oath. H. Willis Bland, who furnished the information, asked to be excused from testifying, as he is counsel for Geo. W. Kershner, one of the indicted tax collectors. J. Howard Jacobs, a director of the bank in question, from whom Mr. Bland claimed to have received his information, was subpoenaed, but did not appear. He is one of Treasurer Holtzman's bondsmen.

Charles V. Dauth, another of the indicted collectors, to-day entered bail in $1,000 for trial.

Since the exposure of the collectors, over $18,500 of the $40,000 withheld has been turned into the treasury.

The members ot the grand jury, who have been sitting at an expense to the county of over $150 a day, and at great personal inconvenience, are much disheartened at the result of their inquiry. They have examined a large number of witnesses presumed to be familar with the Courthouse ring and supposed to have a knowledge of alleged crooked transactions, but with singular unanimity they have all, under oath, plead ignorance. The grand jury will therefore, to morrow, make a last desperate effort to fathom the alleged corruption in the Commissioners' Office and, in case of failure, will adjourn sine die. It is not at all probable, however, that the matter will be permitted to rest here. The *Evening Telegram*, Democrat, and *Morning Herald*, Independent, both of which have been fearless in demanding the present inquiry, will agitate another. There is a proposition to start an anti-corruption fund with which to employ a Pinkerton agent and a competent attorney to ferret out the alleged official crookedness. Two Spring Township citizens offered to head the list with $100 each, and the next grand jury may have even more work to do than the present one.

The Soldiers' Rebuke.

The annual reunion of the Army of the Potomac was held last week at Saratoga, and the gallant veterans of one of the most heroic armies that ever entered battle, gave a stinging rebuke to the blatant political demagogues who are ever struggling to involve the Grand Army of the Republic in the mire of partisan politics. The rebuke was given with such emphasis that none can misunderstand it; and the petty demagogues who rave in blasphemous utterances to inflame forgotten sectional hate, would do well to understand the admonition.

There were a few soldiers of the Fairchild, Tuttle and Foraker type at the reunion of the Army of the Potomac, and they in turn offered resolutions censuring the proposed return of the battle flags, but the soldiers who did the fighting when fighting was to be done in the flame of battle, consigned all such resolutions to the table, and thereby stamped their seal of condemnation upon all agitators for the renewal of sectional strife.

But the Army of the Potomac was not content to express its condemnation of the party demagogues who are struggling to dishonor the heroes of war after more than a score of years of peace. In order to put at rest at once and forever the issue of sectional hate that is yet agitated by fools and knaves, the survivors of the Army of the Potomac unanimously resolved to hold their next annual reunion at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1888, and extended a cordial invitation to the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia to meet with them as their guests.

The gallant Philadelphia Brigade that withstood the chief shock of Pickett's desperate charge on Cemetery Hill, set the patriotic example this year by inviting the survivors of Pickett's Division to meet them as guests on the coming 3d of July, the twenty-fourth anniversary of that bloody conflict; and now the Army of the Potomac at once nationalizes the reunion of the veterans of the blue and the gray, to palsy the tongues of demagogie babblers.

Henceforth the soldiers of the two great armies will do their own work in their own way to banish the last vestige of sectional hate, and they will exchange their trophies of victory without heeding the jarring howls of the disturbers who would make discord eternal. They obey the last order of their Great Captain—"Let us have peace!"—*Times.*

Oil For Fuel.

THE RECENT EXPERIMENT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA.

The successful running of a train from Altoona to Pittsburg on the Pennsylvania road, a distance of 117 miles, with oil for fuel, has led to considerable discussion on the subject. One of the principal objections to the use of petroleum has been its cost, and it would be used more generaly if it could be bought as cheaply as coal. There have been developed of late in Ohio large beds of petroleum, which is very difficult to refine, and of a very disagreeable odor. This trouble has led to a large reduction in the price of it, and consequently the practicability of using it as a substitute for coal has been shown. The question now arises whether, it being found that this deposit of oil can be used, the price will not be put up and thus kill the sale of it.

As far as running a loco motive with oil as a fuel is concerned, it is by no means a new thing. On the Long Island Railroad an engine was run for some time as an experiment, and it was very successful. There are a number of ways of using the oil. The most approved way seems to be a French method of spraying the oil into the fire-box of the locomotive under a high pressure by means of compressed air. Bp this method complete compustion of the oil is assured, ond no smoke is made. Another, and the most general way is to mix the oil with superheated steam and burn both together. This gives a steady heat, but not complete combustion in every case. The first named method would of necessity call for a rather large air compressor, which would very likely be in the way, as everything has to be as compact as possible on the locomotive.

The Pennsylvania Road has been busy making experiments with a view to using petroleum as a fuel, and if these are fully successful there is little doubt that it will be adopted generally. That petroleum has not been used more generally for making steam is due only to the expense. Whether the opening of the Ohio field will alter this state of affairs remains to be seen. There is no question about the great gain made by the use of petroleum. It is a great deal less trouble and much more compact. Less room will be required for its storage, and the handling of it much simpler. Where a large number of men are now employed as firemen, one man could do the work easily. The only thing to be done by a fireman would be to see that the flow of oil was kept regular. Ashes would be done away with, and everything would be much more convenient.

A prominent New York engineer said: "The whole thing is a question of cost. Under the most favorable circumstances, that is, when the boilers are kept clean, the coal properly handled, the best judgment used in burning, one pound of coal will evaporate eight pounds of water. Now the question to be considered is whether the cost of that pound of coal invested in petroleum would evaporate as much water. If so, there would be no question about its use. The use of petroleum by the elevated roads of New York city would be a great improvement. All smoke and cinders would disappear, and with them a great deal of inconvenience to the people of the city. What a boon it would be if the elevated railroad engines could be run without these drawbacks. The question of cost ought not to be taken into consideration at all so far as these roads are concerned, and now that the Pennsylvania Railroad has succeeded, they ought to experiment at once upon this method of making steam. I am very much in hope that a new system of electric motor, which is being run, and successfully too, will soon be used as a means of propulsion. This would be an improvement over either coal or oil."

The Soldiers and the People are Ready.

From the New York Herald.

Here is exactly a case in point. A regiment of southern soldiers was yesterday the guest of a Massachusetts regiment. Side by side they assisted in the Bunker Hill celebration. That is a sign of the times. The men who were opposed to each other in the war have shaken hands and so sworn anew their allegiance to the "red, white and blue."

Now, then, suppose the Bay State regiment should accompany the southern soldiers on their way home as far as Washington. And suppose, further if it were legally in their power to do so, that the occasion should be crowned by giving to the confederate veterans a flag which the Yankees had captured from them on the hard fought field of battle, in token of the good will that prevails throughout the country.

Well, such an act would be regarded as the most impressive and significant thing that had happened since 1865. It would be the fulfilment of General Grant's prophecy.

It would symbolize the magnanimity of the victor and the loyalty of the South in a way to be rehearsed by the orator and sung by the poet of the future.

Everybody would regard it as a national omen of lasting peace—the last solemn burial service over the dead past.

This is just what President Cleveland suggested. No more, no less. The survivors of the great volunteer army—the first to fight, the first to forgive—are as a body ready for that grand consummation.

Only a few political aspirants would object. Their occupation would be gone. They could no longer hurl their three kinds of palsies or make capital out of the bloody shirt.

But this country is not run in their interest. It is run in the interest of the people.

Kalakaua's Crown in Danger.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 27.—A letter received from the Mexican Minister at Honolulu by General Salomon to-day says the outlook on the Sandwich Islands is very serious, and that reports of bloodshed may be expected by the next steamer. He says a revolution is in progress and the overthrow of Kalakaua a certainty.

The United States man-of-war Adams, which left Callao for this port May 16, by way of the Sandwich Islands, has been ordered to remain there until further orders. Seven officers and eleven seamen were ordered from Mare Island on Saturday's steamer to augment her crew, and it is expected that fifty more men will be ordered forward. Twenty French seamen have been ordered hence to the islands by to-day's steamer for the French man-of-war at Honolulu. An English man-of-war at Victoria has been ordered to proceed to Honolulu, and it is reported that a revenue cutter has been dispatched to Sitka with instructions for an American man-of-war there to proceed to the Islands.

McKinley, the Hawaiian Consul here, said to the *World* correspondent that he had sent a report to his Government by to day's steamer, confirming the reported large shipments of arms, and that he considered it a "bluff" to secure concessions demanded from the King.

Ex-Consul Severance, long a resident on the island, says the Germans and Chinese are at the bottom of the troubles. He believes a large quantity of arms have been sent on orders of the Chinese, who will wage a war of extermination with the Hawaiians, during which Europeans will get control.

Ah Fong, the millionaire Chinese operator, is fostering the insurrection. Severance says the entire available force of the King will not exceed 300 and that 100 white men could overthrow the Government. Revenue and customs officials are keeping watch for a schooner said to be equipping in this city to carry 300 men with arms and ammunition to capture the island. John D. Spreckels denies that his father, Claus Spreckels, has any connection with the disturbance. Spreckel's firm have not shipped any arms to the Island but Crossman & Brothers, of New York, it is said, have sent this month seven cases of guns, ten cases of cartridges, one case of rifles and cartridges and a case of revolvers. This shipment was consigned to E. O. Hall & Son, one of the missionary firms in Honolulu, which is making large importations direct from San Francisco.

Mrs. Logan's Anxiety.

SHE FEARS THAT THE GENERAL'S REMAINS ARE NOT SAFE IN WASHINGTON.

Mrs. General Logan arrived at Chicago June 28, to consult with the building committee having in charge the selection of a design and the erection of a monument in Jackson Park, where the remains of her husband will finally be laid to rest. She is quite anxious to have the work pushed forward as rapidly as possible, as she feels much disturbed at the attitude of Dr. Buck, the rector of Rock Creek church, Washington, in a vault in the yard of which the General's body is now lying. Referring to this subject Mrs. Logan said:

"The casket is in the vestibule of a private vault which Mrs. E. H. Hutchinson offered me. There are catacombs off the passage, but the undertaker assured me that the best place would be in the vestibule. Of course, that makes a military guard necessary, for I should feel very uneasy if I depended solely on the grating for protection. If Mr. Lincoln's body was stolen under the shadow of his monument twenty years after his death, and right in his own state, what could be expected in the case of General Logan? The vault is near Baltimore, where there are scores of men who would stop at nothing to steal the body for the sake of a reward. I understand," continued Mrs. Logan, "that the real occasion for Dr. Buck's conduct is that one night as he was returning home late from a sick call he passed through the church-yard and was challenged by the sentry, and that angered him. As I understand, his sympathies during the war were all with the South, but he assures me that he will not make any change without notifying me in sufficient time, and the Secretary of War and General Sheridan will not remove the guard until the body is removed. I should not like to have the General moved any more than the once, but if Dr. Buck makes any more trouble I shall remove the General and keep him in my own house until his final resting place is ready. Then, again, I am anxious to have the tomb completed, that Illinois may have her son. He belongs here. I regard this as my state, wherever else I may happen to reside for the time. He belongs to Illinois and I will live where he is buried."

Mrs. Logan will remain at Chicago for several days and hopes before she leaves to do much towards hastening the work on her husband's tomb, which has already been too long delayed.

News Items.

There is a rumor afloat that the condemned anarchists at Chicago are to be granted a new trial.

The fund for the celebration of the Fourth of July in Philadelphia grows larger every day. $10,000 is needed.

While an artesian well was being dug near Fort Worth, Texas, oil was struck last Friday at a depth of 240 feet.

A snake that measured 30 feet in length, and of proportionate circumference, was killed near Allentown last Friday.

A big fire last Monday swept the town of Mansfield, Wis., out of existence, and two thousand people are homeless.

At Kauffman's quarry, near Columbia, last week 3,000 yards of stone was displaced at one blast with 300 pounds of dynamite.

The whereabouts of McCabe, the Honesdale murderer, who escaped from jail there a few weeks ago, is still a matter of wonder.

Mrs. Eleanor McConnell, of Paris, Washington county, celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth this week. She was born at Uniontown.

Emma Shin, 82 years of age, was arrested in Reading the other day for lounging around the wagons of hucksters and plundering their money boxes.

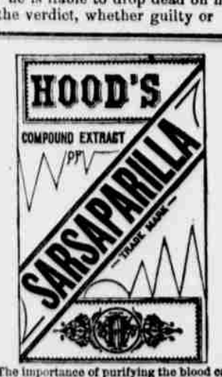
A powder mill at Mountain View, near Paterson, N. J.. blew up last Tuesday morning, killing three men. The sound of the explosion was heard for miles around.

Sarah Aldridge, a young girl aged nineteen, was murdered at Jeffersonville, Ind., last Sunday night. Her lover, Geo. Jetel has been committed to jail on suspicion.

A three-year-old girl was killed last Sunday in New York by a street car knocking her down, and the wheels passing over her neck, almost severing the head from the body.

Five acres of buildings were swept away by a big fire in Chicago last Sunday. Six hundred hogs were roasted in packing establishments. The total loss is estimated at $1,250,000.

It is believed that Jake Sharp, the alleged Broadway boodler, now on trial in New York, is dying. His physicians say his condition is very critical, and that he is liable to drop dead on hearing the verdict, whether guilty or not.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Peculiar Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence. To Itself

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., Wall St., N. Y.

CANDIDATES' CARDS.

The names announced under this heading are subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention, to be held in Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, 1887. The Delegate Election will be held on Saturday, July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 p. m.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
CYRUS B. McHENRY,
Of Fishingcreek Township.

FOR PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS,
WM. H. SNYDER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
C. H. CAMPBELL,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
N. P. MOORE,
of Hemlock Township.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
G. W. STERNER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. B. CROOP,
Of Briarcreek.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
G. A. HERRING,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
H. C. KELCHNER,
Of Scott Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
STEPHEN POHE,
Of Centre Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WASHINGTON PARR,
Of Franklin.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
L. M. CREVELING,
Of Fishingcreek.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WM. G. GIRTON,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
ELIAS HOWELL,
Of Mt. Pleasant Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
JESSE RITTENHOUSE,
Of Beaver Twp.

Schuyler's Hardware.

WIRE NETTING

We carry in stock galvanized wire netting 2 inch mesh from one foot in width to six feet wide; the low price of one cent a square foot has brought it into various uses, it makes a very cheap fence and is used largely in poultry yards, and around private residences, the narrow widths are used for training vines up porches, etc. By bending it around trees the wider sizes make excellent tree boxes at a very little cost and trouble, and prevent their injury by horses and cattle. We also keep the fine Netting for windows and doors; you can get it all widths here from 20 inches to 36 inches and save waste in cutting.

SUMMER GOODS.

Among Summer goods in season comes first, Cherry pitters, the old reliable style, only 50 cents now. Fruit Kettles all kinds, brass, iron, porcelain lined Tinned Iron. Agate Kettles, Fly traps, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, Ice Pitchers, Apple Parers.

HARVESTING TOOLS.

Double Harpoon Horse Hay Forks, pulleys Rope, hand hay forks, rakes, field kegs, all at prices that make them sell; give us a call before buying elsewhere. Resp.

J. R. SCHUYLER & Co.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF DAVID LOWENBERG, DEC'D.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of David Lowenberg, late of Bloomsburg, in Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Wills of said county, to Sarah Lowenberg and Louis Lowenberg, to whom all payments on account must be made, and all claims for settlement.

June 25, 1887. SARAH LOWENBERG, LOUIS LOWENBERG,

JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty. [July1-4t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN,

STATEMENT OF BLOOMSBURG SCHOOL DISTRICT FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 1st, 1887.

Tax rate 4 mills for school purposes and 1 mill for building purposes on the dollar valuation.

M. C. WOODWARD, Collector, DR.

To balance on duplicate '85-6	$1500 00	$1500 00
		CR.
By additional exonerations on on duplicate 1885-6 less commission	14 70	
By amount paid treasurer	1485 30	1500 00

RICHARD STILES, Collector. DR.

To duplicate for 1886-7	8361 91	8361 91
		CR.
Sept 15, '86, by amt paid treasurer	5816 69	
By 5 per cent abatement	287 80	
By 2 per cent commission	112 17	5969 56
Jan 15, '87, by amt paid treasurer	853 04	
By 5 per cent commission	44 90	897 94
By exonerations errors in Assess	48 62	
By returned to commissioners	7 59	
By exonerations	47 70	103 82
By amt paid treasurer		863 46
Balance on duplicate		887 13 8361 91

STEPHEN KNORR, Treasurer. DR.

To amt from former treasurer	436 55	
" " " collector	1485 30	
To amt from present collector	6943 39	
To amt from state appropria-	817 99	
To amt from C W Eves	149 63	9832 63
		CR.
By orders redeemed	6934 98	
By coupons paid $132,00 less state tax $6.60	125 40	
By Bonds Nos. 54, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63 and 65 paid	2100 00	
By interest on same from July 1, 1886 until paid less state tax	13 46	
By treasurer's commission 2 per cent on $9173 81	183 47	
Balance in treasury	465 32	9822 63

BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT. DR.

To tax levied for building purposes	1532 48	
To balance from former collector	250 00	
To balance from former treasurer	40 21	
To amt from C W Eves balance on Welsh Hill property	149 63	
To amt borrowed from School Fund	419 75	2392 07
		CR.
By amt paid for $132.00 coupons less state tax $6.60	125 40	
By bond No. 56 due July 1, '86 paid	500 00	
By bond No. 57 due July 1, '86 paid	500 00	
By bond No. 58 due July 1, '86 paid	200 00	
By bond No. 59 due July 1, '86 paid	100 00	
By bond No. 60 due July 1, '86 paid	100 00	
By bond No. 61 due July 1, '86 paid	100 00	
By bond No. 62 due July 1, '87 paid	500 00	
By bond No. 65 due July 1, '87 paid	100 00	
By interest on same from July 1, 1886 until paid less state tax	13 46	
By treasurer's commission on $285.86	44 77	
By discount for prompt payment	56 10	
By exonerations on duplicate 1886-7	9 75	
By returned to commissioners	1 50	
By exonerations for erroneous assessments	9 74	
By collector's commission	91 35	2392 07

SCHOOL FUND ACCOUNT. DR.

To amt levied for school purposes	6829 43	
To amt due from former collector	1250 00	
To amt recd from former treas	396 14	
To state appropriation	817 98	9293 53
		CR.
By amt paid 16 teachers	5160 00	
By amt paid 2 janitors	400 00	
" " " during holidays	20 00	
By amt paid auditors	3 00	
" " Bloom Water Co.	21 00	
" " Republican, advertising statem't, blanks, etc	31 25	
By amt paid Sentinel advertising statement, etc	21 00	
By amt paid Columbian, notice to teachers	1 00	
By amt paid P P Davis, wood	7 50	
" " Thos Ingold, work	5 00	
" " E C Jones, cleaning and repairs	38 87	
By amt paid A W Fry, cleaning and repairs	44 00	
By amt pd E A Searles, et al, inside painting, Third St	118 30	
By amt paid P K Vannatta, outside painting, Fifth St	87 00	
By amt paid Casey & Dawson, repairs to blackboard, and walling in boiler	35 67	
By amt paid Creasy & Wells, lumber	19 88	
By amt paid H G Eshleman & Co, plumbing	47 17	
By amt pd D A Creasy, supplies	1 25	
" " C W Neal & Bro, coal	204 30	
" " P S Moyer, repairs	13 12	
" " N Y Silicate Slate Co	9 45	
" " Davis Brooks, organ repairs	2 00	
By amt pd Wm Rabb, supplies	30	
" " E B Brower, repairs and extensions to steam heater, Third street	226 70	
By amt pd J R Schuyler & Co, supplies	20 24	
By amt paid Fred Schwinn, hauling	50	
By amt paid C M Drinker, key	50	
" " Peter Jones, repair	5 15	
" " C L Rupert, clock	1 50	
" " G M & J K Lockard lumber	1 97	
By amt pd School Fur. Co	31 20	
" " L E Wharey, repairs	13 46	
" " Baker, Smith & Co, grates	18 29	
By amt paid M J Williams, repairing 8 organs	40 00	
By amt paid J A Cox, brick	2 75	
" " Wm Neal & Sons, fire brick	3 58	
By amt pd H Yost & Son, repairs	75	
" " S M Hess, agt, grates	12 12	
" " G A Clark, supplies	10 77	
" " J J Brower	16 25	
" " O A Jacoby, coal	3 25	
" " C A Klein, supplies	1 35	
" " J H Mercer	24 34	
" " H. G. Eshleman, plumbing	7 45	
By amt paid Moyer Bros, paint, materials, etc	69 30	
By amt paid Jos Decker, fence,	7 00	6809 98
" collector's commission,	125 72	
" treasurer's "	138 70	
" secretary's salary	125 00	
By exonerations allowed	37 95	
By returns to commissioners	6 00	
By erroneous assessments	38 88	
By exonerations duplicate 1885-6, less commissions	14 70	
By discount for prompt paym't	224 40	
By amt due from collector	887 13	
By amt loaned to building fund	419 75	
Balance in treasury	465 32	2483 56
		9293 53
By loan to building fund		419 75

STATEMENT OF BONDS OUTSTANDING JUNE 1, 1887.

No 62. Bond issued to D Stroup due July 1, 1887	500 00	
Int from July 1, '86, to June 1, '87	27 50	527 50
No 65. Bond issued to Creasy & Brown, due July 1, 1887	200 00	
Int from Jan 1, '87, to June 1, '87	5 00	205 00
No 66. Bond issued to J J Brown, due July 1, '87	200 00	
Int from Jan 1, '87, to June 1, '87	5 00	205 00
No 67. Bond issued to R W Smith, due July 1, '87	100 00	
Int from Jan 1, to June 1, '87	2 50	102 50
Bonded indebtedness		$1040 00

ASSETS.

Amt due from collector	887 13	
Amt in treasury	465 32	1352 45

LIABILITIES.

Bonds, and int due on same till June 1, '87	1040 00	
Assets in excess of liabilities	312 45	

JOHN J. LAWALL, Pres.

Attest:
JAS. C. BROWN, Sec'y.

We, the undersigned auditors, having examined the above accounts, statements and vouchers as presented by the treasurer and secretary, find them correct, and herewith approve the same.

Bloomsburg, May 30, 1887.

WM. E. RINKER,
F. D. DENTLER,
JOS. GARRISON, } Auditors.

June 3, 4t.

SATISFACTION OF A MORTGAGE.

COMMON PLEA: NO. SEPT. TERM, 1887.

In the matter of the petition of Wm. Chrisman, for satisfaction of a mortgage given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, SS:—

To Philip Poke and his heirs, or legal representatives, and all persons claiming to be the owner or owners of said mortgage:

Whereas, It appears by the records in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, &c., at Bloomsburg, that a certain mortgage, dated the 10th day of March, 1826, given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke, to secure the payment of certain money, viz: $150, with interest, &c., recorded in Mortgage Book No. 1, page 427 and 428, remains unsatisfied;

And whereas, It is alleged that all the money due on said mortgage was paid, and a legal presumption now exists of the payment of said mortgage from lapse of time. And whereas, Wm. Chrisman, present owner of the mortgaged premises, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, where said premises are situated, praying said Court to decree and direct that satisfaction be entered upon the record of said mortgage on payment of the costs due on the same, and the satisfaction so entered shall forever discharge and release the lien of said mortgage from the said premises. Therefore all persons interested as owners or holders of said mortgage, are required, by an order of said Court, to appear at the next term of said Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, on the 4th Monday of September, A. D. 1887, to answer the petition as aforesaid, and to show cause, if any there be, why said mortgage shall not be satisfied as prayed for in said petition.

June24 SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, de bonis non, with the will annexed, on the estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp., deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to John G. Freeze, to whom all claims against said estate, properly authenticated, must be presented, and all debts due the same be paid.

July 1-6t. JOHN G. FREEZE, Bloomsburg, Pa.

KNABE

PIANOFORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP and DURABILITY.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.
No. 148 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS!

We are offering great inducements to persons desiring to purchase Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

A Magnificent Upright or Square Piano for $250.00 and Upwards.

A Good Double Reed Organ, Warranted, for $65.00 and Upwards.

Among the Pianos we handle are the *IVERS & POND, C. C. BRIGGS, BAUS & CO., SCHOMACKER Gold String and Opera Pianos.* These Pianos are all first-class and fully warranted for five years.

Our leading Organs are the celebrated *ESTEY, MILLER, UNITED STATES* and other makes.

Our leading Sewing Machines are the celebrated *WHITE, NEW DAVIS, NEW DOMESTIC, NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD, ROYAL ST. JOHN and STANDARD ROTARY Sewing Machine*, the finest and best Rotary Sewing Machine in the world.

Before purchasing write for Catalogues to J. SALTZER'S PALACE OF MUSIC AND GREAT SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

TUESDAY, July 12, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage or lot of ground, situate in the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Northwardly by Second street, eastwardly by lot of C. P. Knapp, southwardly by Green Alley and westwardly by lot No. 17 of John Wagonseller. Said lot being marked and numbered as lot No. 16 in plan of Snyder's addition to the town of Bloomsburg, whereon is erected a two-storied frame dwelling house and outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Silas Hess, admr. of Martha Hartman, deceased, vs. Phineas Leiser, and to be sold as the property of Phineas Leiser.

SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

KNORR & WINTERSTEEN, Attys.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, July 16, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage or tract of land, situate in Centre township, Columbia county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by Nob Mountain land, on the east by land of Wm. Beck estate, on the south by land of Charles Whitmire and on the west by land of Wm. Beck estate, containing about sixty acres of land, more or less, on which are erected a dwelling house, barn and outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Sallie A. Robbins.

MILLER, Atty. SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, the undersigned, appointed Trustee, will sell on the premises, in Greenwood township, Columbia county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, July 9, 1887,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate, to-wit: All that piece, parcel and tract of land, situate in said county and state aforesaid, bounded on the north by land of Michael Watts and William Patterson, on the east by public road leading from Bunker Hill to Centre school house, and also by lands of Joseph Albert's son, on the south by lands of William Reece and on the west by lands of Wesley Morris and Isaac Heacock, containing about

66 ACRES

of land, more or less, with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:14 a. m.	11:37 a. m.
3:10 p. m.	6:30 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:12 a. m.	8:32 a. m.
11:07 a. m.	12:05 a. m.
2:24 p. m.	4:18 p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloomsburg as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
3:46 p. m.	4:19 p. m.
6:26 p. m.	5:30 p. m.

SUNDAY.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:39 p m

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Excursion trains will be run on July 4, 1887, to afford those wishing to attend the celebration at Orangeville, an opportunity to do so.

TIMETABLE FOR JULY 4, 1887.

NORTHWARD. P. M.	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P.M.	P.M.
4.00	9.30	7.30	D.L.&W Dep	9.10	2.40	5.40
4.04	9.34	7.34	Main St Cros'g	9.06	2.36	5.36
4.23	9.53	7.53	Lightstreet,	8.47	2.17	5.17
4.40	10.10	8.10	Orangeville.	8.30	2.00	5.00

Round trip tickets, from Bloomsburg, 85 cents; from Lightstreet, 20 cents.

Tickets on sale at D. L. & W. R. R. depot and the Western Union Telegraph office, Bloomsburg, and at White's store, Lightstreet.

Passengers are required to purchase tickets before entering the cars.

JOHN JAMESON, Gen'l Manager.

SALES.

JULY 9.—Samuel Smith, trustee, will sell real estate in Greenwood township at 3 p. m. See advertisement.

JULY 15.—Thos. J. Hoffman, administrator of Henry Hoffman, deceased, will sell real estate on Fifth street, Bloomsburg, being a lot of 50 feet front, with two story brick dwelling, and outbuildings, at 2 o'clock p. m. See advertisement.

A Fine Residence For Sale.

The executors of Mary N. Harman, deceased, offer at private sale a handsome residence on Market street above Main, Bloomsburg. The house is of brick, large pleasant rooms, steam heat, gas, water, sewerage, and all modern improvements. There is a large frame barn, ice house and outbuildings. One of the most desirable locations in the town. Terms easy.

They also offer for sale thirty-seven acres of land on Normal hill, adjoining P. Dillon's and the Hoyt estate. Can be divided into desirable building lots. For terms and particulars apply to I. W. McKelvy, one of the executors, or Geo. E. Elwell, attorney, Bloomsburg, Pa. tf

FOR RENT.

Two rooms on second floor of the COLUMBIAN building, together or separately. Steam heat, gas, water on same floor. Rent low. Inquire of Geo. E. Elwell. [3t

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Music Hall, formerly Eureka Rink, is offered for sale or rent on reasonable terms by the new manager. Parties wishing to hold festivals will do well to see the manager.

J. D. SHAFFER, Manager.

LOST.—A child's breast-pin on Main or East street. The finder will please return to this office.

Shipping tags, with or without strings at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic voters of the several districts of Columbia county will meet at the usual places of holding elections, on Saturday July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock p. m, and elect delegates by ballot to represent the districts in the County Convention, to be held in the Opera House, Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, at 11 o'clock a. m., to place in nomination one person for Associate Judge, one person for Prothonotary, &c., one person for Register and Recorder, one person for County Treasurer, two persons for County Commissioners, and two persons for County Auditors, and to transact such other business as the interests of the Democratic party may require. Also at the same time and places, and in the same manner, the Democratic electors in each district will elect one person to serve as a member of the Standing Committee, which will meet immediately after the adjournment of the Convention.

By order of Standing Committee,

R R. LITTLE,
CHAIRMAN.

Apportionment of Delegates.

The following apportionment of Delegates has been made by the Standing Committee, in accordance with the Revised Rules, viz:—Rule 2nd. The representation of Districts in County Convention shall be in proportion to the Democratic vote of each, as cast at the most recent election for Governor, but the whole number of delegates shall not exceed eighty-five, and no district shall be allowed less than two, nor more than four delegates.

Rule 3rd. Delegates shall be allowed to districts upon a ratis of sixty votes for a delegate, allowance being made for the largest fraction of a vote:

Districts.	Vote for Gov'r.	Delegates.
Beaver,	168	3
Benton,	218	4
Berwick, E.,	44	2
Berwick, W.,	99	2
Bloom, E.,	242	4
Bloom, W.,	170	3
Briarcreek,	129	2
Catawissa,	272	4
Centralia,	297	4
Centre,	146	2
Conyngham, N.,	140	2
Conyngham, S.,	66	2
Fishingcreek,	257	4
Franklin,	67	2
Greenwood,	180	3
Hemlock,	117	2
Jackson,	122	2
Locust,	222	4
Madison,	144	2
Main,	119	2
Mifflin,	197	3
Montour,	72	2
Mt. Pleasant,	80	2
Orange,	115	2
Pine,	93	2
Roaringcreek,	73	2
Scott, W.,	71	2
Scott, E.,	98	2
Sugarloaf,	166	3
Total,	4184	75

Collectors' receipt books and notices for sale at this office. tf.

Personal.

Mrs. F. P. Billmeyer is visiting in Maryland.

Mr. C. C. Marr has been quite sick this week.

Richard Drinker returned from Florida on Monday.

Mr. Will McDowell, of New York, was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Ingham, of Canton, Pa., is the guest of Miss Ella McKinney.

Mrs. Philip V. Weaver of Hazleton is visiting friends in this place

Mrs. Harrie Pursell is at Laurel Run, visiting her husband's parents.

Mr. I. S. Kuhn returned Tuesday from Buffalo with a car load of cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Kamp were made happy Tuesday of last week by the birth of a little daughter.

Mrs. W. C. McKinney and daughter Martha came home from Dodge City last week, and will spend the summer with their relatives here.

Raspberries are ripening.

This week is commencement week at Lafayette College.

F. C. Eyer is putting steam in his residence on Market street.

James C. Sterner and Mrs. H. A. Maize were married on Tuesday.

Don't forget to take in the excursion to Orangeville over the B. & S. on the Fourth.

The huckleberry crop this year will without doubt be the largest for several seasons.

Sleeping cars are now in use on the Reading road between Philadelphia and Williamsport.

A new patent hinge and roller gate has been on exhibition in front of the Central Hotel this week.

An act forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors under the age of sixteen has passed the Illinois legislature.

There will be a children's service in the Episcopal church next Sunday evening instead of the usual evening service.

The Sunbury *Daily* says there is no truth in the statement that freight trains are to be returned to the Catawissa road.

Steam radiators have been placed in the Episcopal church, and connected with the mains of the Steam Heating Company.

There will be a festival at the Asbury M. E. church in the afternoon and evening, July 23d. All are cordially invited to attend.

There will be a festival held in the grove at St. James church, Fishingcreek township, on Saturday afternoon and evening, July 9.

Most of the young folks of town, who have been away at school the past year, have returned home to spend their summer vacation.

Hot red-pepper is the newest thing for cabbage worm. It is sprinkled over the cabbage while the tea is in nearly boiling condition.

Miss Grace Neal is the owner of a handsome pony and phaeton, a gift from her grandfather. The phaeton was made by M. C. Sloan & Bro.

There is a vacancy at West Point to be filled from this district. The appointment will be made by Hon. C. R. Buckalew, member of Congress

Locomotive engineers and firemen running on the P. & R. road are being examined in regards to reading train orders, and also for color blindness.

An appeal will be held by the town council sitting as a board of revision of taxes, at the council room on Saturday July 23, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The party which went up the creek to Cole's week before last on a trouting expedition, returned last Tuesday evening. They report a good time.

S. W. Caldwell, brother of our townsman, J. F. Caldwell, has been nominated for treasurer of Clinton county by the Democratic convention, by acclamation.

The summer resorts are opening. The hotels at Eaglesmere are already receiving guests from all parts of the state, and a boom is predicted there this summer.

The festival and dance, given at Oak Grove last Saturday night, by the Rescue Hose and Ladder Co., was well attended, and a nice sum of money was realized.

Everybody should be careful to direct letters fully and distinctly. Thousands of letters are sent to the dead letter office at Washington every day, because people are so careless in directing them.

John Wanich, formerly of this place, is now employed as night clerk at the Exchange Hotel, Wilkesbarre. He is an excellent young man, and is very popular among the guests of the house.

The council of the Lutheran Church on Tuesday evening voted the contract for the heating of the Church by steam to the Bloomsburg Steam Co. Work will be commenced Monday of next week.

The Espy boat yards are overcrowded with work. All the available men are at work and earning good wages. The canal is filled with boats on all the sides of the yard waiting their turn to be repaired.

The Mountain Grove camp meeting will be held from Wednesday, August 3rd, to Thursday, August 11th. Those wanting tents should apply to Z, T. Fowler, president, Willow Springs, Columbia Co., Pa.

"Culture in pond lilies," says the Boston *Journal* "produces lilies varying from pure white to deepest red. White and yellow are native; the purples, blues and reds come from Africa and India and South America."

Samuel Neyhard has gone to the North Mountain, where he will be engaged two or three months in surveying timber lands. Any one wishing to communicate with him should address a letter to Bloomsburg and it will be forwarded.

A fellow who can't enjoy a good joke because he happens to be the victim, ought not to laugh when other people are caught. And yet, somehow or other, it always is a great deal funnier when the joke is on the other fellow. Have you ever noticed this?

The organ grinders are beginning to put in their appearance. Last Monday the air was filled with the sweet strains of "Home sweet home, "Hold the fort," Climbing up the golden stairs," and many other familiar tunes, emitted from the tuneful hand-organ.

The Bellefonte *Watchman* denies the statement that the snails have made such depredations upon vegetation in Centre county. It says there are some snails in the lower part of the county which are troublesome, and from this has risen the exaggerated newspaper reports.

The Phelps system of telegraphing from moving trains is now in use on Lehigh Valley passenger train No. 6 between Easton and New York. Dispatches can be sent to and received from all parts of the United States and Canada while the train is in motion, with the same facility and certainty as from any regular office.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending June 28, 1887:

Mr. G. A. Betzer, Edward Freymier, Miss Ada Hayman, Mr. John Kenley, John Kindly, Mr. Harry Miller, Shamburger & Orris, Mrs. Anna M. Smith, Mrs. Eliza A. Smith.

CARDS.

B. W. Kinslow.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

The Barton flouring mill under the management of F. L. Faust, has gained a wide reputation. Last week some extensive improvements were made and new machinery added to accomodate the increasing trade. Mr. Faust has proven himself to be an excellent miller, as will be attested to by the numerous families using his flour.

Parties for gathering pond lilies are now of frequent occurrence. Pond Hill is the nearest point where they can be obtained. It is reached by taking an up train on the N. & W. B. railroad, and getting off at Pond Hill station. There is then a walk of about two miles to the pond, the edges of which are completely covered with water lilies.

The new one cent postage stamp consists of a profile bust of Benjamin Franklin in an oval disk, the lower portion bordered with pearls, and the upper with a curved panel containing in small white letters the words, "United States Postage." The whole is engraved upon a shield-shaped tablet, with a truncated pyramidal base, bearing on it the words "one" and "cent" on either side of the figure 1.

A summer resort is to be started near Laporte, a syndicate having purchased 500 acres of land, including the swamp, three-fourths of a mile from the Court House. A stone dam will be built which will turn the swamp into an artifical lake about one and a half miles long, which will be stocked with fish. The purchase agreement requires the owners to begin operations within ten months.—*Dushore Gazette.*

Frank Patterson, the blind pauper, of Elmira, who lately received $13,322 back pension money from the government, was used as a tool by Dr. Mills, of Elmira, to defraud the government out of the money. Patterson, his wife and daughter all left Elmira. They went to Williamsport and were afterward found in Renovo, but Dr. Mills had fled with the money. When it became known that they had fled Wilkes Miller, a citizen of Elmira, went before a justice and swore that he had been induced by Dr. N. Mills and John Mills to made an affidavit that Patterson had sore eyes in the army, and that the affidavit was false in every particular. The doctor has been arrested and will be promptly punished.

Ringler-Rabb.

The marriage of Mr. Geo. P. Ringler and Miss Ida V. Rabb, daughter of Wm. Rabb, all of this place, which took place in the Lutheran church Thursday of last week, June 23, was quite a brilliant affair. The large audience room of the church was nearly filled with invited guests. The ushers for the occasion were Messrs Wm. Cummings, George Verdy, Charles Jones and George Hunt, who very gracefully attended to the seating of the guests. At promptly 9:30 the bridal party arrived and wended their way to the altar to the strains of the beautiful wedding march rendered by Prof. I. W. Niles. The ushers led up the side aisles, while the bridal party took the centre aisle, headed by the groomsmen, Mr. Ed. Buck, of Williamsport, and Mr. Geo. Hughes, of Shamokin, and bridesmaids, Miss Annie Brobst and Miss Dora Ringler. The bride, dressed in rich lavender silk and profusely decorated with flowers, looked handsome. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. P. Manhart, pastor of the church. After the two were pronounced man and wife, the bridal party, together with the near relatives and friends, repaired to the home of the bride's father, Mr. Wm. Rabb, where a bounteous repast was served. Nothing lacked in this respect. All the delicacies of the season were prepared and greatly enjoyed by all present. At 11:45 the happy couple left for Philadelphia and other cities. We tender our congratulations with the wish for long life and prosperity.

An Old Resident Gone.

Frederick Derr of Madison township died at his home on Thursday, June 23. The funeral took place on Sunday at Derry meeting house, and was very largely attended.

Mr. Derr was a good neighbor and an excellent citizen. He was born October 12, 1804 on the farm where he died. The farm was bought by his father, George Derr, of the first occupants, the Sutfin brothers, the deed being executed in 1817. George Derr was born in 1777, and had three children, Frederick, Margaret and Jane. He spent his life on this farm and died at the age of 81 years. After his father's death, Frederick remained on the farm until he was twenty-eight years old, and then he removed to Bay county, Michigan, and worked at the carpenter's trade for twenty-five years. While there he married Elizabeth M. Clarke, a native of New Hampshire, who died in 1842 leaving no children. Mr. Derr returned to this county in 1858, at the time of his father's death, located on the old homestead and resided there to the time of his death. He married the second time to Ellen, daughter of Jacob and Mary Welliver. His widow survives him.

In politics Mr. Derr was a staunch democrat, and a subscriber to the COLUMBIAN for many years.

Queer Lightning Freak.

During the severe thunder storm on Sunday evening quite a rare and startling incident occurred at Henry C. Tuck & Co.'s drug store, on South Main street, this city. Pharmacist Tuck and his assistant, Pharmacist Moyer, of Bloomsburg, together with Book-keeper Lutz, of Jonas Long's stores, were seated in the drug store engaged in conversation. There was a sudden and unusually brilliant flash of lightning. The end of the flash seemed to touch the pavement and a moment later a large ball of fire was rolling about under the feet of the talkers. There was consternation and fright depicted on every countenance and each thought that the other had been struck by the electric fluid. Pharmacist Tuck came near falling to the floor in a swoon and it was fully a minute before any of them could muster up enough courage to speak. The ball of fire quickly disappeared and then the large electric light in the store was extinguished by the current. The trio consider their escape a narrow one.—Wilkes-Barre *News-Dealer.*

The persons referred to above are Chas. B. Lutz, formerly of this place, and Elmer Moyer, of town.

Fourth of July Excursions over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In order to enable every one to take a trip for pleasure or recreation during the Fourth of July holidays, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets on July 2d, 3d, and 4th, good to return until and including the 5th, between all stations on the main line and branches, at reduced rates.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

The crown of Queen Victoria consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, set in silver and gold. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwt. troy. The number of diamonds are 3,352; pearls, 273; rubies, 9; sapphires, 17; emeralds, 11. It is an old saying—Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. It is better to wear the crown of perfect health and peace of mind through the curative effects of Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. For sale by C. B. Robbins, Bloomsburg, Pa.

[FOR THE COLUMBIAN.]

Dying Words.

BY JOHN SUTTON.

How precious are the dying words,
That fall from those, to us so dear,
A consolation it affords,
When we those dying words can hear,
It may be but a brief good by,
A blessing, or the briefest prayer,
Or, pointing to their home on high,
A solemn charge to meet them there.

Sometimes they speak in accents low,
In faintest whispers of the breath,
Their meaning, then, we seek to know,
Before the lips are sealed in Death.
Or if the joys of hope expressed,
In words of no uncertainty,
Before the body sinks to rest,
We hear the shout of victory.

Or, if the life has been mispent,
O' how we wish a single word,
To tell us that they did repent,
And found the mercy of the lord.
Or, if between us there was hate,
That should be settled while we live,
How good to know it's not too late,
To be forgiven, or forgive.

Death comes, sometimes, so unannounced,
As quickly as the lightnings play,
Without a single word pronounced,
Our dearest friends are called away.
Conceal the sorrow as we may,
A bitter grief, the thought affords,
That when our loved ones pass away,
They leave for us no dying words.

June 27, 1887.

School Directors' Meeting.

The Board of Directors for Bloom district met on Friday evening—all being present. Bills as follows were presented: Elwell & Bittenbender, publishing statement and notice to teachers, $21.00; J. C. Brown, $21.00 for same object; district auditors, $3.00, auditing accounts, which were approved and ordered paid. On motion it was unanimously ordered that the tax levy for the ensuing year be four and a half mills, one being for building and three and one-half for school purposes. It was unanimously ordered that the school term be fixed at eight months, to begin the first Monday of September. The salaries of all the teachers, exclusive of the principal, was unanimously agreed upon at the same rate as last year, viz: Assistant, in High School, $40.00; Principal of Primary Schools, $40.00; Assistant, $32.50; Principal of Grammar School, $45.00, and Assistant, $30.00; Principals of Intermediate and Secondary, $35.00; Assistants. $30.00. An effort was then made to fix the salary of Principal. A motion was made and seconded that it be $1000.00, payable monthly. An amendment was offered that he be paid at the rate of $1000.00 per month for eight months. This was also amended to read that he be employed by the year at the rate of $800 00, to be paid monthly. Upon a call of the roll, the amendment to the amendment was declared carried, as to the matter of employment by the year. The amendment was then voted upon and lost upon a tie vote. The original motion failed likewise. It was then agreed to proceed with the selection of the other teachers, which resulted as follows: Nora M. Finney, Asst., High School; Hannah Breece, Grammar School, Hattie Sloan, Assistant; Georgie Pursell, Intermediate, 3d St., Ella Sterner, Assistant; Florence Wirt, Intermediate, 5th St., Cora Hagenbuch, Assistant; Sadie Vannatta, Secondary, 3d St., Anna Fox, Assistant; Mary Ulangst, Secondary, 5th St., Alice Brockway, Assistant; Annie Pressler, Primary, 3d St., Edith Ent, Assistant; Lou Robbins, Primary, 5th St., Ella Allen, Assistant.

All of the above were employed during the past year, with the exception of Alice Brockway, for which vacancy there were twenty-one applicants. On motion the salaries of Janitors were continued as last year, at $25.00 per month, and E. C. Jones and A. W. Fry were re-elected. The Committee on Buildings, Grounds, &c., was instructed to receive proposals for laying stone pavements, re-building fence, &c., and the Board adjourned to meet on Saturday evening, July 2, 1887.

East Benton.

A large number of invited guests assembled at the residence of John Ashleman last Thursday evening, the 23d inst., to witness the marriage of Miss Susie Ashleman to Nathan J. Keefer. Rev. T. H. Tubbs, of Lightstreet, officiated. Rev. S. Boone and family were also present. Not being ordained he is not legally qualified to officiate in nuptials. Many valuable presents, consisting of silver, glass and stone ware, counterpanes and other things delighted the gladdened bride. After a bountiful repast of choicest dainties the company dispersed in the late hours of night, wishing the new made happy pair a long and prosperous life. The old-time serenading band of "tin horns, tin buckets, horse fiddles and cow bells" and hideous yells of boys has not yet been consigned to the darkness of the past, but on this occasion it was not a success, beating a rather reluctant retreat, securing neither wine nor wedding cake.

Some ungrateful wretch stole pants and vest from Wells Laubach, near Benton, a few weeks ago.

A gang of horse jockies accommodated the people with trading stock at Register last Saturday afternoon.

Harvest is approaching very rapidly.

The corn prospect is very encouraging.

Henry Everett's horses took fright from a sharp clap of thunder and came near running away in the corn field not long since.

The Fish Case.

A habeas corpus hearing was held by Associate Judges Murphy and McHenry on Saturday last in the case of D. M. Kinter. Nearly a year ago Mr. Kinter was arrested on a warrant issued by G. W. Hirleman Esq. of Benton, charging him with catching trout out of season. When taken before the Justice there was no hearing, but the justice's docket shows that he allowed the defendant to go with the understanding that he would appear when wanted. Kinter was next day brought before the justice on the same warrant, and claimed that his arrest was illegal as the warrant had been returned and was therefore dead. The justice had a hearing and under the testimony of witnesses found the defendant guilty of having twenty trout in his possession on July 16, 1886 and fined him $200 under the act of 1878. As this fine was not paid, after waiting several months the justice issued a mittimus committing the defendant to jail, and then a writ of habeas corpus was taken out. E. H. & R. Little represented the defendant, and District Attorney Billmeyer and Ikeler & Herring were for the commonwealth. After argument the court continued the case until September court, Mr. Kinter entering into a recognizance in the sum of $500 for his appearance at that time.

Hotspur Remarks.

"The sun doth nourish ague," therefore in the summer months it is only a measure of common prudence to guard against malarious diseases, intermittent fevers, agues and bilious attacks.

"Many cases of fever and ague, dumb ague and congestive chills were promptly arrested and entirely banished by the use of Simmons Liver Regulator. You don't say half enough in regard to the efficacy of that valuable medice. Believe me when I say I was a sufferer for years and only found relief by its use."—Robert J. Weeks, Batavia, Kane Co., Ill.

To close out certain lines of wedding invitations a number of bargains are offered at this office. Those wanting small lots, from 10 to 25, will save money by ordering at the COLUMBIAN office. tf

Buckhorn.

Every wedding, says the proverb, makes another soon or late. Two more of our young people made happy by the sacred rite of matrimony. On June 21st, Mr. Benjamin Brobst and Miss Elizabeth Pursel joined wedlock at the home of the bride's parents in the presence of a number of guests. We wish them much happiness in their new field of life.

Saturday, June 25, the remains of Anthony Schwartz, were taken to Archibald, Lackawanna Co., for interment. About two months ago Mr. Schwartz and family moved to this township from Nanticoke, having purchased the P. Foulk farm in the hope that country life would improve his health. He was 58 years old.

The same day the remains of Peter Andes of Nanticoke were brought from that place to New Columbia for burial. Mr. Andes was well known in this section and had many warm friends. He was a member of Hemlock grange, this place.

Hay-making is in progress and harvest is close on the way.

R. R. Ikeler lost a valuable horse Saturday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Eila Pursel adorned her parlor with a new suit.

Mr. Winner, the new horse doctor, has had several calls from this section.

Oscar Eat of Lightstreet has charge of C. M. Terwilliger's store this week. Charlie is on the sick list.

Last report had H. Hodge on the improve. Hope we shall soon see him about again.

An ice cream supper will be given in the yard of the M. E. church this Saturday evening. Proceeds for the benefit of the church.

Parties owing the Briarcreek Insurance Company a tax should see that it is paid before July 2nd.

Normal boys of this place will spend the next few weeks in the harvest field.

Mr. Samuel Appleman of Benton paid N. P. Moore's a visit this week.

Our collector has his notices up. All taxes paid before Aug. 22nd, will receive a reduction of 5 per cent.

Candidates are making daily visits to our citizens. Not much noise yet on the part of voters. Some sly talk is afloat.

The women of this place are doing some sly talking, too, but not politics, however. Blessed is the woman who can slander her neighbor without her neighbor finding it out. But more blessed is the woman who has no neighbor to slander.

Special Rates to Gettysburg via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On the twenty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg many veterans will assemble on the historic field, to renew the memories of the great battle. A most interesting reunion will take place this year. The Philadelphia Brigade, which held the centre of the Union line and received the famous onslaught of Pickett's Division, will entertain representatives of the survivors of that celebrated division on the scene of the struggle. This is the most conspicious event in the history of the field since the battle was fought, and the ceremonies between hosts and guests will be of the most interesting character. To the veteran it will be a most memorable occasion, while the general visitor will find it the best opportunity ever offered of seeing the battlefield. The field is one of the most interesting battle grounds in the world, and there is none other containing as many monuments. One hundred and one monuments and tablets mark the spots where the most important events of the fight occurred.

For the accomodation of the public, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines, on July 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1887, good to return until and including the 5th, at one fare for the round trip.

Excursion to Mauch Chunk Postponed.

The Y. M. C. A. of Berwick, who had advertised a grand Fourth of July excursion to Mauch Chunk and points of interest around there, have been compelled to give up the project on account of the refusal of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to draw over the road on that day, according to agreement. Nearly 250 tickets had been sold at Berwick, and many people from our town intended to join the excursion; there were probably many at points below us, who also intended going. There are many people disappointed by the breaking up of the excursion. The Y. M. C. A. assures the public that the failure of the excursion was wholly due to the railroad company breaking their written engagement with them.

The Wise Young Messenger Boy.

The district messenger boys of New York are daily becoming sharper and more untrustworthy. Every precaution has to be taken in dealing with them. They consider the persons who employ them as their peculiar prey. A lady had the bad luck to step on her diamond bar pin and break the fastening. She rang for a messenger, and sat down to write a note that the boy could mail on his way to the jeweller. As she was directing the envelope the boy entered.

"Take that," she said, extending the pin and never looking up, as she finished the superscription, intending to add, "to the jeweller's at the corner and wait for it."

But the small tough, not much higher than the table, broke in before she could finish her sentence, with: "How much do you want to get on it?"

The astonished lady looked at the little ruffian in amazement. "How much do I want to get on it?" she repeated.

"Yes; you wants me to pound it, don't yer?"

"Pound it? Mercy no. I just stepped on it and have broken the pin."

"That don't spile the sparkle; I guess yer kin git twenty cases on it."

"Why, boy, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, come off! der yer want me to hock it, or don't yer? What's yer racket?"

The lady called for help. She had heard that the insane possessed unnatural strength and though this cub did not weigh ninety, she couldn't tell what he might do if he was as crazy as he talked. It was not until the servant acted as interpreter that the hoodlum was made to understand the brooch was to go to a jeweller to be repaired instead of a pawnbroker's shop; but the boy explained that 'most all the ladies who sent such things by him "was spouters and was raisin' the wind on their supers and sparkles."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

In general debility, emaciation, consumption and wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion is a most valuable food and medicine, it creates an appetite, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. "Have been highly pleased with it in consumption, scrofula, and wasting diseases, bronchitis and throat troubles."—A. JONES, M. D., Cornersville, Tenn.

For a time my life was despaired of. My trouble was with the kidneys, liver and bladder—also constipation. Finally I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and in my opinion it saved my life. I make this statement to save those who suffer as I did. —A. J. Gifford, Lowell, Mass. Druggists. $1. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper. june19d4t

MARRIED.

BROBST—PURSELL—At the bride's parents, in Hemlock, on the 21st, by Rev. N. Spear, Mr. B. F. Brobst to Miss Mary E. Pursell, both of Hemlock.

KEEFER—ASHLEMAN.—At the bride's home, by Rev. T. H. Tubbs, Thursday, June 23, 1887, Mr. Nathan J. Keefer to Miss Susie A. Ashleman, both of Benton, Pa.

Commencement Week.

The exercises of Commencement week at the Normal School began on Sunday evening with the Baccalaureate sermon at the Lutheran church. The Senior class occupied the front seats, and the church was crowded with an interested congregation. The services were participated in by Prof. D. J. Waller, Ph. D., Rev. S. Mitchell, D. D. and the sermon was preached by Rev. D. Thomas MacClyment, pastor of the First Baptist church of Williamsport.

The text was "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind". 1 Peter I 13, and the discourse was able and interesting. Prof. Waller also addressed the class.

JUNIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

Monday evening the exercises of the Junior class were given in Normal Hall. At quarter to eight o'clock, at which time the entertainment was to begin, the hall was crowded with students and town people, who continued coming until nearly eight, when the exercises were opened. The programme was well arranged throughout. The opening and closing choruses were effectively rendered, and two songs were very prettily sung by Miss Ryan, one of them receiving a deserved encore. The president's address was short and to the point, and well delivered. The recitations, essays and oration were all good. The program was as follows:

Music, March Away, Chorus; President's address, Aims of a Noble Manhood, G. E. Bortz; Select reading 'Poppin' the Question,' Minnie L. Kitchen; Recitation, Betty and the Bear, Charles H. Bates; Solo, When the Swallows come Again, Ella M. Ryan; Essay, Diligence brings Success, Lizzie Jones; Recitation, The Brier Rose, Nina Murphy; Song, Miss Ryan; Essay, The Beginning Determines the End, Annie Supplee; Oration, Hope, G. W. Faus; Music, Good Night Dear Friends, Chorus.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

On Tuesday evening the annual address before the Philologian and Calliepian societies was delivered in Normal Hall by Prof. J. H. Harris, Ph. D., principal of the Keystone Academy at Factoryville, Pa. His subject was "Personal Power," and he gave a solid, sensible and interesting discourse of over an hour's duration.

CLASS OF 1885.

On Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock the class of 1885 held a reunion in Normal Hall, to which the public was invited. The following programme was well carried out:

Instrumental Solo, Grand March de Concert, Edith V. Ent; Address, Welcome, Louis P. Bierly; Select reading, Mice and play, Martha K. Ensminger; Vocal Solo, O loving heart trust on, Annie Miller; Essay; "We will find a way or make one," Cora E. Hagenbuch; Vocal Solo, Tired, France M. Musselman; Recitation, Home, Sweet Home, Anna M. Faux; Trio, Under the moonlit sky; Misses Faux and Hagenbuch, Mr. Bidleman; Closing address, Adieu, H. Howard Bidleman.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

At 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the Seniors held their Class Day exercises, on the campus. Following is the programme:

Violin Solo, W. Howard Pannebaker; President's address, Will C. Johnston; Quartette, Misses McDonnell, Whitehead, Messrs. Stonebraker and Pannebaker; History, Katie Young; Essay, Susie McDonnell; Bass Solo, Chas. W. Taylor; Oration, Through trials to Glory, Marcius W. Kratz; Prophecy, Lizzie D. Renninger; Vocal Solo, "The Coming of May"—A Reverie, K. Maud Smith, Presentation of memorial, Anna S. Kurtz; Class song, Composed by Mary D. Mathias, By the Class.

The memorial presented by the class consisted of a complete imported set of continental relief maps.

CALLIEPIAN REUNION.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday evening the school parlors were thronged with the guests of the Calliepian Society, in response to handsome invitations, to attend the annual reunion. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

COMMENCEMENT.

At 9.30 o'clock on Thursday morning the graduating exercises of the class of '87 were held in the Hall. As usual the room was filled to overflowing by the friends of the school. The stage was occupied by the Faculty, the Board of Trustees and clergymen of the town. The members of the class sat in the front seats near the stage. The ladies were becomingly attired in white dresses, which were the more beautiful because of the absence of any attempt at extravagant display. Most of the gentlemen wore dark suits. The essays and orations were very creditable efforts. The order of exercises was as follows:

Prayer, Rev. S. Mitchell, D. D; Overture, Zampa, Harold, Orchestra; Oration, Education among the Hindoos and Chinese, Marcius W. Kratz; Essay, Waiting at the Gate, Katie E. Young; Oration, Early Education among the Greeks, Harry Stonebraker; Essay, We Weave the Web of our own Destiny, Ida R. Wentz; Song, Gaily Chant the Summer Birds, Ella M. Ryan; Oration, Relation of School Government to Citizenship, William E. Wagner; Essay, The New Departure in Education, Mary D. Mathias; Essay, Woman's Place in Education, Florence S. Richards; Oration, The Private Hero, Charles H. Reynolds; Piano Solo, Chant des Naiads (from Opera Turline), Ascher, Florence Montgomery. Essay, The Lessons We Learn from Flowers, Emma A. Nolan; Essay, The World as a Model School, Susie McDonnell; Essay, Irving's Ichabod Crane, Helen M. Sperring; Gayotte, Princess, Czibulka, Orchestra, Anna Reedy, Pianist; Essay, The Pupil His Own Educator, Laura M. White; Essay, Farming, Maude K. Smith; Essay, The Last of The Dudes, Lizzie Renninger; Song, Come Buy My Flowers, White, Jennie Peterman, with Orchestra accompaniment; Oration, Responsibilities of the Professional Teacher Will C. Johnston; Essay, Preaching, Anna S. Kurtz; Poem, Farewell, Elizabeth R. Whitehead; Amorrettanze, Gung'l, Orchestra; Conferring of Degrees; Chorus, Country Fair, Waltz Song, Abt., with Orchestra Accompaniment; Benediction;

The diplomas were presented to the class by Prof. Waller with an appropriate address. The degree of Master of the Elements was conferred upon the following:

Lizzie Eshleman, Lizzie J. Phillips, Susie W. Cole, Jennie H. Ramage, Susie Gallagher, Hannah Kennedy, Mary Welsh, Lilian G. Barton, Agnes V. Glennon, Mary C. Sites, Florence J. Cawley, M. Katie Mc. Niff, Sallie C. Watson, Anna M. Fox, Ella M. Sterner, Clara Y. Cleaver, Rose Cohen, Mary A. Mullen, Frances M. Musselman, Ella M. Newhouse, Minnie C. Crocker, Sallie M. Cockill, M. M. Elliott, Christine C. Hess, Martha K. Ensminger, Mollie Mickey, Nellie Bonstein, Sarah E. Patterson, Edith V. Ent, Cora E. Hagenbuch, M. Pauline Groff, Kate Voight, M. Lillias Hicks, Louis P. Bierly W. S. Conner, J. M. Rearick, Harry O. Hine, Chas. McHugh, Chas. M. Petty, D. H. Kratz, C. E. Dechant, O. O. Laudig, Walter A. Moore, Wm. F. Mullally, Geo. M. Wilner, T. B. Birch, James C. Houser.

CLASS OF '87.

The following are the members of the graduating class:

Dora E. Breece, Alice Brockway, E. Clair Brown, Mollie S. Butler, May S. Conner, Eva M. Dershimer, Lizzie P. Foulke, Eliza S. Kisner, Anna S. Kurtz, H. Isadore Laubach, Margaret A. Lewis, Mary Hoyt Lynch, Susie McDonnell, Mary D. Mathias, Mary Morgan, M. Agnes Nallin, Emma A. Nolan, Beckie Nye, Sallie A. Palmer, Mary Petty, Lizzie Renninger, Florence S. Richards, Mary P. Sheep, Eva G. Short, Maude K. Smith, Helen M. Sperring, Ida R. Wentz, Laura M. White, Elizabeth R. Whitehead, Katie E. Young, Reuben T. Farver, Will C. Johnston. Marcius W. Kratz, William E. Martin, Edward J. Mullen, W. Howard Pannebaker, Charles H. Reynolds, Harris E. Snyder, Harry Stonebraker, Charles W. Taylor, William E. Wagner, William L. Williams, Orval H. Yetter.

ALUMNI REUNION.

After the commencement exercises the Alumni Association held its annual reunion in the Dormitory chapel. Those of the Senior class who wished to become members were admitted. After the literary exercises, and the transaction of some business the meeting adjourned.

ALUMNI DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Alumni Association was served at the Central Hotel, and was well attended. An excellent table was provided by Messrs. Aurend, and it was an enjoyable occasion. Prof. Waller presided, and at the close of the dinner acted as toast master, and a number of responses were

Book Making Before the Age of Printing.

Of course the Chinese were ahead of Europe. Their chronicles record printing upon silk or cotton in the century before Christ, paper being attributed to the first century after Christ. It is certain that many hundred years ago they had began to put writing on transfer paper, lay this face downward on wood or stone, rub off the impression or paste on the transparent paper, cut away the wood or stone, and take an impression in ink which duplicated the original. First, probably, they cut the letters into the block, leaving white letters on black ground, which method, Didot thinks, was known to the Romans and was the process referred to by Pliny; afterward they cut away the block, leaving the letters raised, to print black on white. This last process is attributed to Foong-Taou, Chinese minister of state in the tenth century, who was driven to the invention by the necessity of getting exact copies of his official documents. Indeed, there is detailed tradition of a Chinese Gutenberg, one Pi-Ching, who in 1041 carved cubes of porcelain paste with Chinese characters, afterward baking them, and literally "setting" the porcelain types by help of parallel wires on a plate of iron in a bed of heated resinous cement. These types he hammered or planed even, and pressed close together, so that when the cement hardened they were practically a solid block, which could be taken to pieces again by melting the cement. But Pi-Ching was born out of time, in the wrong country, and to the wrong language. The Chinese word-alphabet contains at least 80,000, possibly 240,000 characters (the National Printing office at Paris made types for 43,000), and for the lesser number the Chinese compositor would require a large room to himself, where he wander among five hundred cases "looking for a sign," while Chinese wood-engravers will cut on pear wood, or on the hard waxed composition used for that oldest of existing dailies, the Pekin *Gazette*, an octavo page of characters for forty or fifty cents— a hundreth part of the cost of coarse work, a thousandth of the cost of the finest work, here. The Chinese printer, without a press, but with a double brush like a canoe paddle, inking the block with one end, and pressing the paper laid on the block with the dry brush at the other end, prints two thousand sheets a day, on one side only, which are then bound into a book by making the fold at the front of the sheet, and stitching through the cut edges at the back. A fair-sized book is sold for eight or ten cents, and there is little inducement for improvement. Playing-cards, invented probably in Hindoostan as a modification of chess and then engraved on ivory, were made in China and Hindostan centuries ago, and thence they seem to have made their way into Europe, probably through Saracens or Jews, before 1400.

Meanwhile the business of book-making by copying had had a curious development in two directions. The industry so flourishing in Cicero's Rome had dwindled to nothing by the sixth century. The great libraries had been destroyed. Few could write their names: fewer could read. The Irish monks alone preserved the art of illuminating, and from the island of Iona shed such light as they could throughout Europe. Charlemagne himself could not write, but used a curious monogram to picture his name; he was the more ready, it may be, to permit his English adviser, the monk Alcuin, to require that every monastery should maintain a scriptorium, and every convent or bishop should employ a permanent copyist, "using only Roman letters," for the making of books. The Church monopolized this art up to the twelfth century, when the ignorance of the inferior clergy, and later the influence of St. Francis d'Assisi, who forbade Bible, breviary, and psalter to his order, made way for the lay booksellers who congregated about the great schools of theology like Padua and Paris. But the church still arrogated superintendence and censorship; the University of Paris required "the stationers, vulgarly called booksellers"—the first name coming from their selling at a station or shop—"to tell the truth, without deceit or lying, touching the price of books," which was fixed by four master booksellers appointed by the University, with four deniers profit when sold to teachers or scholars, or six deniers when sold to the public. Even then the bookseller might not buy a book for sale until it had been exposed five days in the hall of the university, and its purchase declined by teachers and scholars; and he was obliged to loan it for copying, at a small fixed price, to any student giving security. Consequently the university was, later on, compelled to fulminate against base booksellers who, naturally desiring to earn a living, did not uphold the dignity of their profession, but mixed it up with "vile trades," such as "fripperies and like haber-dashery," as modern booksellers have also been compelled to do. Vellum became scarce, and the richer buyers disdained paper. This fact promoted the differentiation of book-making into two distinct divisions: on the one side the superb missals of the religious orders and the daintily written and bound troubadour books of the courts; on the other, a flood of alphabets, primers, creeds, prayer-books, and crude school-books, wonderfully cheap, from a groschen up, made by unprofessional copyists, demanded as the result of the Church schools, the work of such early reformers as Wycliffe and Huss, and the general awakening of Europe. The fraternity of St. Luke, existing in Paris in 1391, the Company of Stationers, in London, 1405, and book-trade guilds in other cities, show the extent of the industry.—R. R. BOWKER, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

A Paralyzed Farmer.

A Detroit butcher named Joe Willets was up in Mecosta county a few days ago to see some relatives. Joe is built after the old style architecture—one story and a basement—and any man who picks him up for a consumptive is bound to feel sad over the mistake. While out riding one day with a friend he came across a farmer who was trying to "yank" a stump out of the ground with a yoke of feeble looking steers. The stump had begun to "give" but the steers strained and twisted and pulled and couldn't budge it another inch.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Joe as he stopped his horse.

"Trying to pull out this stump, sir, was the reply.

"And the steers can't do it?"

"No, nor any other yoke in these parts. It'll take a pound of gunpowder to lift that stump."

"Shoo! now, but take off your cattle I'm something on the pull myself."

"You! Say, do I look like a fool? You can drive on, stranger."

But Joe jumped down, slipped the chain off the yoke, drove the steers to one side, and then walked over to the stump and said:

Sometimes the dirt flies over half an acre of ground. Better shade your eyes"

With that he spit on his hands, clasped his arms around the stump, and without a bulge of his eyes he lifted the whole thing out of the earth and flung it outside with the remark:

"Shouldn't like any better fun than to pull those steers backwards over the fence, but we must be going now. So 'long, old man."

And he climbed in and drove off. At a bend in the road half a mile away they looked back. The farmer stood there, mouth open and eyes as big as Bermuda onions, and when they waved their hats at him he never moved a hair. He couldn't. He was paralyzed. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Real Western Play.

BILL NYE ATTEMPTS IN A FEEBLE WAY TO CRITICISE ARIZONA JOE.

Last evening Arizona Joe, the shooting star, closed his engagement at the Windsor in "The Black Hawks," a play that is very much fraught with thrill. The scene is laid in Arizona and New Mexico at a time when the country was new and the song of the six-shooter was heard in the land.

The Black Hawks, from whom the play derives its name, seem to be a nomadic tribe of men who obtain a precarious livelihood by seizing a woman every little while who insists on strolling across the plains dressed in a plug hat with a veil around it. She is also a victim to the blue flannel riding habit. These robbers, who are really white men from Fort Lee, seize their victim by the wrist and in hoarst accents tell her to prepare to meet her fate. But she does not want to do so without an opportunity to change her dress. She asks them to spare her if they ever had a mother. But always just as she is asking if any gentlemen present has a mother, and is doing up her hair preparatory to meeting her doom, Arizona Joe bursts forth, accompanied by his long hair, and kills all of them except the lady. He then rescues her and takes her away to his cabin, where she is perfectly safe and there is no scandal connected with it for Arizona Joe is a man who has had a mother, and, although he frequently kills people, a woman is just as safe in his cabin as she would be in her own home. Arizona Joe makes a speciality of preserving and rescuing. He has all he can do, and by the time he can bury his dead and change his clothes there is somebody else on the trail who desires to be rescued.

Arizona Joe is not a large man, but is noted for his long and talented hair which parts at the back and shows how his head is fastened on. He has a wonderful wealth of hair and would have made a very good Sutherland sister if he had given his attention to it earlier in life.

The plot of the play seems to be to afford Arizona Joe every possible facilty for slaughtering supes and preserving the lives of young women who are in the habit of crossing the plains in croquet slippers. And yet it is to be regretted that so many of these supes who really have not tried to act at all should be killed that way, while those who really take a part in the play and who thereby arouse the indignation of the audience should be spared.

Arizona Joe changes his hat whenever he successfully kills anybody. It is also noticeable that he wears a red tie when he is in the slaugher business and a green tie when he rescues a young woman who is going through a hostile country without an escort. At one point in the play where A. J. has rescued a young woman and taken her to his cabin, where she had been for three or four weeks waiting for her parents to come on from Atchison, I noticed that she and Joe had in the confusion attendant on the rescue and preservation traded neckties with each other, but I do not think that should be used against them.

Four dogs, a pearl-gray jackass and a hollow stump also take part in the play. At one point a dog comes in bringing a birthmark in his mouth, when Arizona Joe at once jumps at the conclusion that there is some human being near by. Long life on the border has taught him that a birthmark is one of the very best evidences that some one is not far away. So with a quick Waterbury movement, he dashes out and finds a covey of people who are crossing the plains without his consent. He kills them, changes his necktie so that he will not be recognized, and goes home by a circuitous route. Along at this point in the play, a variety Irishman and an impossible negro come out and sing a topical song of of the time of Queen Anne. The song is not so bad as I have heard, but it was difficult to judge it, as the people who were going out at the time drowned the music with their heavy foot prints.

Looking at Arizona Joe last evening in his strange wild beauty, one could hardly help from admiring him, for with all his poverty, beauty and temptation to lead a life of shame, he does not yield, but goes bravely on earning a precarious livelihood by killing disagreeable people with whom he comes in contact. He never murmurs over his lot, and no ear ever hears him complain unless it be the frontier.

As a Mexican hairless humorist he would not succeed, but in his great role as a preserver of stage coaches, he does well. I would suggest to any one contemplating a trip across New Mexico or Arizona by Tantivy coach, that they cannot get their rescuing done with less delay or annoyance than by giving their orders to Arizona Joe.

The costumes used in this play are mostly of the present century, and are quite realistic, though the whiskers used by some of old Cauliflower's band are not a good fit for those who wear them. One man especially wears a beard which is too tight for him, and pulls his ears down too low, besides sawing across the under side of his nose and giving his voice a rich nasal twang. A stage beard in hot weather should also have a hole cut in it for the mouth, not only to give it a tinge of realism but in order to afford air to the man who wears it.

Without wishing to criticise the play, I would say that it would be more realistic with less conversation and more whisky, and if the author had put less death in it it would have been more lifelike.—*N. Y. World.*

Sympathetic clergyman to widowed parishoner—Was poor Brother Saltonstall prepared to go?

Consoled widow—Yes, indeed. He was insured in half a dozen companies.

A little girl was saying her prayers the other evening and had just finished "Give us this day our daily bread," when her four year old brother said, "Make it pie, sir!"

The coat tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat tail, bearing dusty toe marks, means, "I have spoken to your father."

Familiar "Americanisms."

AN ENGLISH OBSERVER POINTS OUT DIFFERENCES IN THE COMMON LANGUAGE.

Probably the most frequent question which is put to an Englishman visiting these shores for the first time, after having grappled with the poser, What do you think of America? is, Do you find much difference in the dialects of the two countries? That there is a difference nobody will deny; but among the refined class s in New York, apart from certain local expressions, it is far less noticeable than would have been expected. The first thing that would strike a Londoner is probably the lazy, familiar "Ye-ah" by which you are answered on all sides by persons from whom, in England, you would expect "Yes, sir;" while "See here" is also peculiarly American. If the person you are addressing does not catch your remark, he will startle you with "What's that?" "What is it?" or "How?" when in England he is accustomed to "What?" "Eh?" or "Beg pardon?" under similar circumstances.

There is no exact corresponding expression in English for "to get left" and "to get there," the nearest approach being "to be in the cart" and "to pull through."

The English never use the words "previous" or "fresh" (impudent), "rare meat" (underdone), "fleshy" (stout), "despatch" (telegram), "full" (tipsy), "homely" (plain, addressed to persons). An American child will call her parents mamma and pappa, and will cause a shout of laughter or a shocked look when she speaks of "bugs" for ordinary insects, this term being exclusively reserved in England for the "bed" species. It is hardly necessary to allude to the use of the word "guess" (Anglice, "I fancy" or "I think"), as from time immemorial an Englishman thinks he has only got to say "I guess" and talk through his nose to imagine he is talking "real good Yankee." "Dude" is unknown in England, and no one there would know what was meant by a "dry-goods store" (linen-draper's).

Londoners have nothing grander than "house porter" to correspond to "janitor," and would possibly be puzzled to know what was meant by "a high-stoop house" or an "English basement house." They would also ask for the "lift" in place of the "elevator" and would think it strange not to have to go up one flight to the "first" floor, as in England they are accustomed to call this latter the "ground floor." Such slangy expressions as "You make me tired," "To blow you off," "I feel a kinder good," "I have had a real elegant time," are characteristically American.

If you ask an American to take a drink, he will reply, "I should smile," the meaning of which is obvious, and he may possibly offer to give you "points" (tips) on some coming race. The word "boss" takes the place of our "governor," except when a London street Arab means to be particularly polite and to gain your custom for a box of lights, &c., when nothing under a "capt'n" or "my lord" is good enough.

The Americans pride themselves on speaking very correctly, and certainly it is only very rarely that one hears an h dropped or put in the wrong place; but on the other hand, one constantly hears "Was you there?" and the use of the word "everywheres" in its plural form. On this side they speak of "mailing" for posting a letter, and take the "stage to the depot" in place of the "omnibus" (bus) or trams to the station or terminus. The word "candy" in America seems to cover all kinds of sweetmeats, which are generally called "sweets" by the crowd and "sugar-plums" by the select in England. There is a corruption of the good old Scotch word "toffee," used generally here, viz., "taffee," and it sounds comical to English ears to ask for a piece of apple-pie in place of tart, pie being only used when speaking of meat.

The "Cadging" Racket.

HOW RECENTLY-BEREAVED WIDOWS ARE "WORKED" FOR OLD CLOTHES.

"I have heard with deep regrets of your bereavement, madame, and knowing that you are charitably inclined, I have called to see if you would aid me in procuring employment. I have a wife and three children depending upon me for a living. I am promised work in ten different stores if I can make myself presentable. You have no further use for them—they will only tend to call up painful recollections. I mean the clothes of Mr. ——." The lady, in deep mourning and eyes bedimmed with tears, readily assented, and in a few moments a servant appeared with a good-sized bundle of clothes, the door closed, the petitioner left a house on Washington boulevard, where death had visited the night before, turned the next corner, met a confederate, delivered the bundle to him, and the latest Eastern racket had worked to a nicety.

Curious to get a more thorough insight into the business, a reporter visited a well known resort of the apostles of "cadging" on Washington street, near Franklin. The place is a low, dingy and filthy groggery, dominated by the genus tramp, whose headquarters it has been for years. A dozen or more of the fraternity were collected about the stove, smoking, chewing, expectorating and narrating fables. Presently a lull to the proceedings was occasioned by the appearance of a comparatively well dressed man. "Poys," quoth he, handing three of them a slip each, "de gots are goot today. All big fellers up in der avenues. Come 'round to der shore und wash yer mugs and fins."

The reporter recognized the speaker as a well known Madison street pawnbroker. The trio accompanied him to the sign of the three golden spheres, and a moment later emerged with clean faces and sombre looks. Each was accompanied by a confederate. They were armed with the residences and names of men who had died the previous night, copied from the death notices contained in the morning papers. The reporter singled out a pair and followed them down to Clark street. Here the two boarded a northbound street car, riding as far as Lincoln Park. Following them, the reporter was carried down Garfield avenue. The pair were in advance of the scribe about one hundreds yards. Suddenly the "unwashed" party turned a corner. The other kept on until a house was reached, in front of which he halted. There had been a death in the house, as was evinced by a long piece of crape pendant from the door knob.

The man timidly rang the bell, and a domestic answered the summons. The caller desired to see the lady of the house. The lady could not be seen. A great bereavement—the loss of her husband—had so worked upon her that she was confined to her room. The caller was not to be put off in this way. He insisted mildly, yet emphatically, and the lady of whom he was in quest soon came to the door. The same story as was poured into the sympathetic ear of the Washington boulevard widow was given here, and was equally successful, for, as before, a bundle was the outcome of the conversation. As before, too, the clothes were handed to the man around the corner. Three other houses were visited, only one of which, however, any clothes were gotten from. And so, with the bundles, the pair returned the way they had come, obtained the ready cash for the fruits of their labors, and returned to the groggery, where they spent the money obtained in this manner.

"Cadging" is a comparatively new institution in Chicago. A good strike is very often productive of an entire outfit of suits, including broadcloths and fine linen underwear. "Johnny" Dugan, "smooth-tongued Johnny," brought the practice West some months ago, and it will soon assume the proportions it holds in New York and Philadelphia.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Plating the Dead.

The disposition of the body after death has been a subject of interest from the earliest recorded era. The classic writings are filled with references to this matter; and the various kinds of burial or its equivalent, and the ceremonies attendant upon the last rites, form no inconsiderable portion of both Greek and Latin literature. The ancient kinds of burial were chiefly four—burying, burning, embalming, and storing, the latter having reference to catacombs, vaults and similar receptacles. All are too familiar to need more than a passing reference.

The custom of the Jews seems to have been to bury the bodies of the dead; the Egyptians were the great masters of the art of embalming; the Romans excavated the great catacombs which are one of the wonders of the Eternal City to-day; while the practice of burning bodies seems to have obtained generally among most ancient nations in certain circumstances.

Modern science, on sanitary ground, has determined positively against the common practice of inhumation. Wherever the population is dense—as it is in all great cities—it is seen at once that the custom of burying the bodies of deceased persons is a certain and fruitful source of disease. Water and air are alike polluted and rendered dangerous to life by the placing in the earth of the lifeless lumps of clay which will in time be resolved into their original elements; but which in the meantime, give forth noxious exhalations. For this reason the practice of intra-mural burial has been done away with, and modern cemeteries are placed as far as possible from municipal centres.

In lieu of inhumation, the scientists of the present day have devised four methods—namely, cremation, cooking, cementation and electro-plating.

Cremation is only the old time classic pyre, without any of its unpleasant and revolting attendants. The body is reduced to handful of ashes by intense heat in a furnace so arranged that nothing disagreeable passes off during the process.

The process of cooking is similar; but instead of being burned, the body is exposed to a flameless heat and reduced to a hard, brittle substance instead of ashes.

Cementation does not deal directly with the body, but with its environment. It consists in hermetically sealing the coffin by placing a coat of the finest cement all around it. The advantages of a sarcophagus are in this way secured without much expense.

But the last method, and one which is growing into popular favor is electro-plating. It is the application of a perfectly even metallic coating to the surface of the body itself by the same process as that which produces an electrotype plate. The method is briefly this:—

The body is washed with alcohol and sprinkled over with fine graphite powder to insure the perfect conduction of electricity. It is then placed in a bath of metalic solution containing a piece of the metal to be used. To this is attached the positive pole of a strong battery; the negative pole is applied to the corpse, and a fine film of the metal at once begins to cover the body perfectly and evenly. This may be kept up until the coating attains any desired thickness.

To this process there would seem to be no valid objection. In effect it transforms the corpse into a beautiful statue—form, features and even expression being perfectly preserved. The body being hermetically sealed within its metal inclosure, merely dries up and assumes the aspect of a mummy.

This method obviates many objections which have been urged against cremation, and at the same time meets the wishes of those whose sentiment, if nothing else, inclines them to favor the human form divine, which its reduction to a handful of ashes causes to many people is entirely done away with, as no rude hand is laid upon the once loved form. No change is brought about in appearance except that face and figure are covered with a shining veil, through which the familar lineaments appear with their well-remembered characteristics and expression.

The worst case heard of lately was that of a man who had drank so much poor whisky that his breath was strong enough to run a gas engine.

People who are always in high spirits soon wear out, says a physician. It may be, but people who are always low spirited wear other people out.

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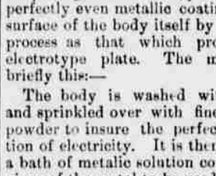

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OVER 50 Changes.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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—AND—

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Iron and Steel.

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J. R. SMITH & CO.

LIMITED.

MILTON, Pa.,

DEALERS IN

PIANOS

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Chickering, Knabe, Weber, Hallet & Davis.

Can also furnish any of the cheaper makes at manufacturers prices. Do not buy a piano before getting our prices.

—.o.—

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Sept3—86tf.

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Location healthful. Instruction thorough. Discipline strict. Expenses moderate.

Property cost $50,000. Building of brick. Warmed by steam. Campus 10 acres. Library, 3,000 volumes. Apparatus worth $1200.

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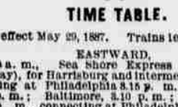
RAILROAD TIME TABLE



DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH.		STATIONS.	SOUTH.	
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30 ....Scranton....	6 10	2 05
8 54	12 25	8 26 ....Bellevue....	6 15	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22 ..Taylorville...	6 20	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 16 ..Lackawanna..	6 27	2 24
8 33	12 08	8 10 ....Pittston....	6 34	2 30
8 27	12 03	8 03 ..West Pittston.	6 40	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58 ....Wyoming....	6 45	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54 ....Maltby....	6 49	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50 ....Bennett....	6 53	10 00 2 47
8 08	11 47	7 47 ....Kingston....	6 58	10 05 2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47 ....Kingston....	6 58	10 05 2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42 Plymouth June	7 02	10 10 2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38 ....Plymouth....	7 07	10 15 3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34 ....Avondale....	7 12	10 20 3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30 ....Nanticoke...	7 15	10 25 3 10
7 43	11 23	7 23 Hanlock's Creek	7 23	10 32 3 17
7 30	11 12	7 12 ..Shickshinny..	7 37	10 44 3 30
7 18	11 00	7 00 ..Rick's Ferry..	7 50	11 11 3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54 ..Beach Haven..	7 57	11 06 3 58
7 05	10 47	6 47 ....Berwick....	8 04	11 13 4 12
6 58	10 41	6 41 ..Briar Creek..	8 10	11 20 4 05
6 54	10 38	6 38 ..Willow Grove..	8 14	11 25 4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34 ....Lime Ridge...	8 18	11 29 4 20
6 42	10 27	6 27 ....Espy Ferry....	8 25	11 36 4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21 ..Bloomsburg...	8 30	11 44 4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16 ....Rupert....	8 36	11 50 4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11 Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	11 55 4 46
6 08	9 56	5 56 ..Danville....	8 58	12 13 5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49 ..Chulasky....	9 05	12 20 5 12
5 55	9 45	5 45 ....Cameron....	9 08	12 25 5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32 Northumberland	9 25	12 40 5 35
p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m. p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.

Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb. 1st, 182

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.15 p. m.; New York, 5.20 p. m.; Baltimore, 8.10 p. m.; Washington, 8.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

9.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman Sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.55—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.32 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.55 a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m.; with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.30 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.35 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.35 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3.51; Wilkes-Barre, 5.00 p m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.56 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5 10 p. m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5.05 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 5.30 p m; Sunbury, 6.35 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a. m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR F. P. ADAMS & CO.,

FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

Sole agents of the following brands of Cigars.

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Alexander Bros. & Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANDIES,

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SOLE AGENTS FOR

HENRY MAILLARDS FINE CANDIES.

FRESH EVERY WEEK.

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ANY ORDER FOR FESTIVAL will be SUPPLIED WITH THE LOWEST **Market Prices,** AS FOLLOWS:

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PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY.

DISTILLED from selected Barley Malt and guaranteed to be chemically pure and free from injurious oils and fusils often contained in alcoholic liquors. It is especially adapted to persons requiring a stimulating tonic, Consumptives being greatly benefitted by its use. Recommended by leading physicians as a Diuretic, Nervine, Tonic and Alterative. For Consumptives it is invaluable. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY insures a return of vigor to the stomach, a good appetite, a rich and abundant blood and increased flesh and muscular tissue. A stimulant mild and gentle in effect. Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all wasting diseases can be entirely conquered by the use of Perrine's Pure Barley alt Whiskey. It is a tonic and diuretic and a powerful strengthener to the entire system. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY has proved a medicinal protection to those who pursue their avocations in the open air and whose daily work calls it exceptional powers of